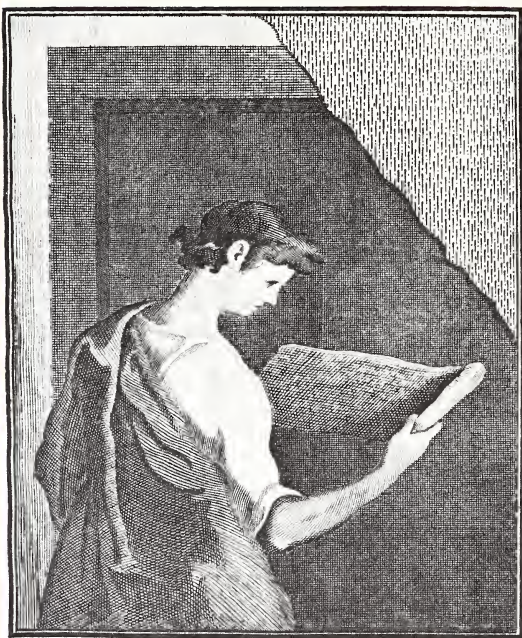


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*Literature—Music—Architecture—The Graphic Arts*

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# *THE DOME*

*New Series . .*

*Volume Seven .*

*May-July . .*

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# *THE DOME*

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UGO DA CARPI

*After* TITIAN

“ST. JEROME” (*A Chiaroscuro Woodcut*)









## THE BACCHANAL OF ALEXANDER

"Alexander, returning from his Indian Conquests, having with infinite difficulty brought his army through the salt deserts of Gedrosia, arrived in the pleasant country of the Carmanians. Some authors tell us that, reclining with his friends upon two chariots chained together, and having his ears entertained by the most delicious music, he led his army through Carmania, the soldiers following him with dances and garlands, in emulation of the ancient Bacchanals of Dionysus."—ARRIAN

### I

A WONDROUS rumour fills and stirs  
The wide Carmanian Vale ;  
On leafy hills the sunburnt vintagers  
Have heard a cry ; stopped is the echoing flail  
Upon the threshing-floors :  
Girls in the orchards one another hail  
Over their golden stores.  
"Leave the ripened apples hanging flushed,  
With the dew to drop  
In our baskets! Leave the heavy grapes uncrushed,  
Leave the darkened figs, a half-pulled crop,  
Olive-boughs by staves unbeaten, come,  
All our hills be hushed !  
For a Conquerer, nay, a God  
Comes into our land this day,  
Out of Eastern deserts dumb,  
Wastes that none hath ever trod :  
Come we down to meet him on his way !'

From reddening vineyards steeped in sun,  
Trees that with riches droop,  
Down the green upland men and maidens run,  
Or under the low leaves with laughter stoop.

But now they pause, they hear  
Far trampling sounds; and many a soft-eyed troop  
Murmurs a wondering fear.

"Who is this that summons us afar  
With a voice so proud?  
Who are these that so imperious are?  
Is it he to whom all India bowed,  
Bacchus, and the great host that pursue  
His world-wandering car,  
Whom our fathers long foretold?  
O if it be he, the God indeed,  
May his power our vines endue  
With prosperity fourfold.  
Bring we all ripe offerings for his need!

Slowly along the vine-robed vale move on,  
Like those that walk in dream,  
The ranks of Macedon.  
O much-proved men, why doubt ye truth so sweet?  
This is that fair Carmania, that did seem  
So far to gain, yet now is at your feet.  
'Tis no Circean magic greenly crowds  
This vale of elms, the laden vines uprearing,  
The small flowers in the grass, the illumined clouds,  
Trembling streams with rushes lined,  
All in strangeness reappearing  
Like a blue morn to the blind!  
Worn feet go happy, and parched throats may laugh,  
Or blissful cold drops from dipt helmets quaff;  
Dear comrades, flinging spears down, stand embraced,  
And heap this rich oblivion on the waste  
Of torment whence they came;  
That land of salt sand vaulted o'er with flame,  
That furnace, which for sixty days they pierced,  
Wrapt in a hot slow cloud of pricking grains,  
On ever crumbling mounds, through endless plains,  
And ravening hands scooped fire, not water, for their thirst.  
Streams of Carmania, never have ye seen  
Such mirrored rapture of strong limbs unclad,

Lips pressing, lover-like, delicious green  
Of leaves, or breaking into laughter mad;  
Out-wearied ranks, that couched in gloom serene,  
Let idle memory toy  
With torment past whose pangs enrich the gust of joy.

## II

O peerless Alexander! Still  
From his kindling words they glow.  
Like a straight shaft to a bow  
Is their strength unto his will.  
He hath done what no man ever dared:  
That fierce desert, where great Cyrus lost  
All save seven of his unnumbered host,  
Where the proud Semiramis despaired,  
He hath brought his thousands through.  
Vainly, vainly Wind and Fire  
Stormed against the way of his desire:  
They at last their tamer knew.  
O'er mile-broad rivers like young brooks he stept,  
Walls of unconquered cities overleapt.  
And now Earth yields, for storm and strife and heat,  
Her greenest valley to his feet.

But lo! the soft Carmanian folk,  
Round these warriors gathering nigh,  
Down the slopes with murmur shy  
The benignant God invoke.  
While they stand in wonder and in doubt,  
Comes a throng in leaves their heads arraying,  
Some on pipes and some on tabors playing,  
"Bacchus, Bacchus is our king," they shout,  
"Magic mirth into our blood he pours;  
Join us, strangers, in our feast!  
All our parching toil hath ceased.  
Give us of your fruitful valley's stores!"  
Apples they heap on shields in golden domes,  
And spearpoints bear the dripping honey combs.

"Our Bacchus bids you to his joy," they sing;  
"Lo where he comes, the king!"

Two massy ivory cars, together bound,  
Roll through the parting throng;  
A whole uprooted vine enwreathes them round;  
Long tendrils over the gold axles trail,  
While jubilant pipe and chanted song  
The cars' oncoming hail.  
By the dark bunches idle helms and greaves  
Are hung, and swords that on Hydaspes shone;  
Heroic shoulders gleam betwixt the leaves!  
There sits reclined on rugs of Susa spread,  
Throned amid his Seven of Macedon,  
Alexander, his victorious head  
Bound with ivy and pale autumn flowers.  
Ah, what a sunny redolence of showers  
The wind wafts round him from this promised land!  
Over Hephæstion's neck is laid one hand,  
Lightly the other holds a spear; but now  
No passion fires his eye, nor deep thought knots his brow.  
Like his own Pella breathes this upland air;  
A joy-born beauty flushes up his face,  
O'ersmoothing old fell rages, to replace  
Youth in lost lines most indolently fair.  
Remembrance is at peace, desire forgone,  
And those winged brows their watchful menace ease  
In languor proud as a storm-sailing swan  
New lighted on a mere from the wild seas.  
Beat, thrilling drums, beat low, and pipes sound on,  
While his full soul doth gaze  
From this the topmost hour of all his glorious days.

## III

The shy Carmanians awed  
Gaze on that sun-like head.  
"Is it he," they murmur, "who led  
The mirth of the vineyard abroad?"



Surely none else may bear  
So regal a beauty; yet why  
On us turns not his eye?  
We have heard that he loves not care,  
But the dance and idle glee  
Of the laughing Satyr tribe.  
Could toil those brows inscribe?  
Is it he? it is surely he,  
And these the revellers of his train.  
Yet surely these have passed through fire, through pain!  
Can the Gods also suffer throes,  
Nor crave to conquer, but repose?"

The king uplifts his bowl.  
Peucestas stoops, pours in  
From a brown fawn's swelling skin  
The ripe grape's rosy soul.  
"Pledge us," he cries, and smiles,  
"Lord of Nysa, to-day!  
Have we not toiled our way  
To a valley of the Blessed Isles?  
Drink of a richer boon  
Than the water we brought thee to taste  
In the fiery Gedrosian waste  
When we halted our host at noon,  
And thou in the sight of all didst spill  
Those longed-for drops on the darkened sand,—O fill,  
Remembering how our hearts drank wine  
From thy refusing deed divine."

What hath the king so stirred?  
What grief of a great desire  
Stung by that spoken word?  
Sudden as storm his thoughts tumultuous run  
Back into peril, Indus, Issus, Tyre,  
And Babylon yet unwon.  
Far, far those mighty days in glory tower!  
A valley keeps him, while the great peaks call.  
O for that supreme exultant hour,

When alone, Achilles-like, he sprang  
'Mid the astonished Indians o'er the wall,  
And a hundred arrows round him rang!  
O Alexander, all these thousands own  
Thy pleasure, but thy throes were thine alone.  
Dulled is the joy that hath no need to dare;  
Match thy great self, and breed another heir  
To those high deeds, from which thy kindled fame  
Runs, as the world's hope runs from youth to youth aflame.  
Climb, climb again to those lone eagle skies,  
Where Ocean's unadventured circle bends,  
And dragon ignorance girdles the world's ends!—  
As fire leaps up a tower, that thought leaps to his eyes.  
“Off, Mænad mummary,” he cries; his brow  
Strips off its garland with indignant hands,  
Starts up, and plants his ringing spear; and now  
Soul-flushed through radiant limbs, a man transfigured  
stands.  
With joy the marvelling Carmanians bow,  
From their long doubting freed:  
“It is the God,” they cry, “the enraptured God indeed.”

Laurence Binyon.

DOMENICO CAMPAGNOLA

“THE HERMIT” (?)







DO. CAP.









# THE VOICE OF THE WORLD

## BOOK I—THE SEPARATION

### I

WHERE the valley ceases and the sharp ascent must be begun, the beck has its longest fall, some ten feet, into a pool of many greens, deepest in the lower circles of the basin, beaten into snow and crystals where the stream pours in. Above the pool, fastened as by a miracle in the split of a prominence of rock, a thorn-bush grows, a few paces distant from the faint track which suggests a way to the summit of the mountain. To sit, when the spring has passed, on the southern side of the bush, and to look due north, is to see a curve of the milk-white, gliding beck flickered and bound by dark leaves until bush and stream seem but one force, one growth, one strange blend of beauty. The fall of the waters is heavy on the air; the sun turns them into a flood of gems; there are ferns with fronds full brilliant, and richer mosses; the breeze speaks wonderingly within the bracken. Away through the shower of the morning sunlight an arc of the huge cup of the mountain comes into sight, welding with the long, sharp, jagged southern spur, and promising the magnificent bulwark of cliff and screes which leads the eye to the topmost pinnacle.

Here the wife sat one day of a recent wealthy June, a book open on her knee, her hair flicked by the welcomed breeze. She was young—say twenty-three; her eyes were round and dark, her lips wistful, every feature was well defined. A beautiful face it was, coloured by the sun and wind, more oval than square, displaying both strength of will and that nervous impulsiveness which implies a certain weakness—the crown of an active, graceful form.



Again and again she read the lines, pledging the truth she caught from them, at every reading:

*"And if there are wonders in the grain of dust as in the wrecking avalanche, in the tear of one unknown, unknowing soul as in the world-crossed weeping of a mighty nation's final loss; if there is grace within the cell of human poverty and human sacrifice, as in the far-outspread sweeps of autumn's colouring and charmed repose, or in the heedless joyfulness of young unfettered life—still are there greater wonders and lesser, still are there rhapsodies to outvie the simpler creeds, still shall the world be unfolded as you pass over it, still is it possible that your circle be too narrow for your need."*

The last words shook the woman's nerves, in her partial understanding of them. "Still is it possible that your circle be too narrow for your need." The warning beat upon her ears with the wild insistence of a battle-cry, offering an excuse for revolt greater than she had ever before discovered, and giving to her desire the sanctity of a common, perhaps a universal, experience. For the first time she grasped the hope that her case was one already known to students of life; for the first time she indulged herself with the assurance that she had not been inviting the devil of mere discontent.

She looked up from her book, and watched the stream as it laced with the leaves of the thorn-bush, her mind recalled to the past by the demands of the present. She had no memories with which to fill in the blank spaces of her days—or, at least, none that were sufficient. Her life had always lacked colour. A childhood spent in a small English town, two years of her girlhood spent in a French convent, and then the few years of her womanhood spent under the spell of a man who shunned his fellow-creatures—such had been her experience of the world. It had been much, and yet how little it seemed! The suggestions of the buoyant life of the world which she had received, however innumerable, were not, she believed, when added together, equal to one day of full intimacy. And how they tantalized! The momentary peeps into that life, which had been possible on her few journeyings—the garishness of one reflected scene, the subtle romanticism of another, the wild tragedy of a third—served but to arouse her imagination and to quicken her desire.

In the French convent, a staircase window, high up, had given a view over the poplars, over the town, to a tract of country edged by the river on the west, fertile, blooming, a waving of greens and yellows. She and Elice Corné had stood there one mellowing afternoon, each with an arm around the other's waist, peering with eyes turned inward. Would she ever forget their talk?

"I shall be fifteen next week, Elice."

"Yes, you will soon go home; and I too."

"You're sixteen—a woman."

Elice laughed, and the colour deepened a shade in her cheeks.

"Paris is over there," she said, looking over the poplars.

"And London beyond that."

"Fancy living in Paris, my Coris—the balls, the streets, the dresses, and a husband to take you about!" She tightened her grasp of her companion's arm.

"You would like to be married, Elice?" Coris asked dreamily.

"One must be married—one must." She spoke with some excitement, but her voice fell to a whisper. "I shouldn't be afraid, would you?"

"It seems everything sometimes, doesn't it?" the other acknowledged, with wonder. "When you're married you can go anywhere."

"And have lots of money."

"I am dying to see the world, Elice."

"You will when you have a husband."

For a moment they were silent, feeling the spreading gold of the coming evening, hardly seeing it; hearing the rumble of the town as a screen of sound which shut them out from the glittering beyond.

"Everyone will want to hear you sing, Elice."

"And you."

"No, not me."

"I will sing to the man who makes love to me," Elice cried, laughing.

The other took the new tone with as much ease.

"Wait till you get a lover," she answered blithely.

"I'll have a hundred! I'll make them fight for me. They shall kiss my hand, and long just to touch my hair!"

"You'll fall in love with a duke who won't look at you, and

you'll spoil your eyes: I know! He'll call you 'my dear' some day, and you'll hate him. And then you'll marry a fat old thing who's rich, and wants you because you're pretty and young. Ugh!

Coris rollicked in the contest, and heaved her shafts with gay precision, drawing on old fears for herself, proud of the knowledge she displayed. And Elice, too, found a spirit.

"And you'll look a saint," she retorted"; and the men will say, 'Oh! what a good little girl!' And then they'll laugh and go away, because men don't like girls who look very good; they like to be jolly. So you'll pine away to nothing, and be a sister, and wish you'd been more wicked."

"You couldn't be, could you?"

"If I were, I might—"

"Hush! Sister Marie!"

Coris thought of the chatter now—now that for the second time her abode was a mountain solitude, her only companions her husband and her child. The recollection forced her to give reins to her longing. The strain had become too great, the inward scrutiny too intent. She must take action; the dulness of the life—the unconscious aloofness of her husband, the awful stillness of the daily scene—was maddening. It no longer appeared that one of the subtle temptations spoken of by good people had come to her. Moreover, from girlhood onwards she had been conscious of a certain difference between the mental attitude of those people and her own. Glad enough to listen to their counsels, she had always subjected them to a critical examination in private. When they had spoken of the sin of the world, of its alluring offers and hollow mockeries, she had found the general statement excellent, but nevertheless had felt called upon to exercise her own discretion and mark out her own course. Their only fault was, she had told herself, that they, in their turn, offered too much—too much of what was not worldly.

She sprang to her feet and raced up the steep slope until she stood where the topmost ridge of the mountain came into view. There the eastern spur showed its relation to the whole range, the western was capped by a distant peak, and the valley could be traced until it was lost in the summer haze. Well though she knew the scene, it had never had so much to convey to her as now when



most she needed the message. A world lay beyond that haze—an unknown world which appealed through its mysteries, a world of greater cities than she had ever seen, greater lives than she had ever watched, greater works than she had ever imagined. The circle widened infinitely, the changes were never-ending. There self could be forgotten at will, and pleasure be made a trusty friend. There could be found an antidote to wondering, knowledge to take the place of fancy, glamour to eclipse the sombre reality. She pleaded to be deluded by the glamour, declaring half-angrily that her life was a waste. Her heart sunk at the prospect offered by her uneventful days, and like a child she longed for the make-believe of a showier, less burdensome hour. And yet not like a child, for she knew something of the terms on which alone the change could be effected. They involved some work on her part, for her husband was not rich; and they involved a separation which might, nay probably would, induce difficult changes. But the relief of doing something fresh! Those eternal hours of contemplation of stitches before time! Heavens! must one be cooped up for ever with a studious husband and an irresponsible baby?

And as for the money-making—it was more than possible. Elice Corné had shown her that. Six months before she had visited her—a professional singer now, rushing over the face of the earth to display her talent, jovial, stoutish, with spicy views of life. And Elice had made her sing, and had declared her voice beautiful, fit for a public which paid its critics.

“After one year you would make good money,” had been the tempting verdict. “Ballads, I would say. You have learnt very much already.”

Coris had laughed at the declarations, giving no hint of her secret desire, affirming indeed that she was of the rustics rustic; and Elice had replied as lightly that husbands were a special branch of education, possible of over-indulgence, creatures with a weakness for controlling, but also with a bright eye for a woman's independence. Independence! It was the word as much as the thought which fired Coris then, as now. Vanity was circling round her, waiting to be laid hold of, foreseeing a prosperous home. She had caught the sprite and housed him, but again and again she had shrunk from action, weakly, to avoid the pain of it.

And she feared it somewhat now, as she began to climb to the top of the hummock on which she was standing.

## II

In the hollow beneath two canvas tents showed, their glittering white amazing as a foreground to the screes. A bright pennon flew from the centre pole of each, the doors were opened wide, a lounge-chair, a table, a packing case were out in the open, and the grate of a saw, and the gleeful cries of a child made busy on the air. For a moment Coris looked and listened, then passing her hand across her eyes, ran down to the little encampment.

"Maysie! Maysie!" she cried.

A child all pink health and dancing curls ran to her from the back of the tent.

"Mudder come back!" She held out her arms to be lifted up. "Fader sawin' fire."

"Good fader."

"Very good. What mudder do?"

Coris laughed.

"Mudder going to make the dinner. You will help her?"

"Puddin'," the child suggested eagerly, and they entered the tent.

There was a delicious air of the impromptu about the place, and an acceptance of the primitive. With the ground for a storing place, domestic servitude seems fit whoever or whatever the servants may be. The white arms and hands of the woman, as the preparations for the meal went on, first joked at it all, then granted it a touch of the ideal. This was not playing at life in the mountains: the game was lost in the intention. The new condition of living (it was impossible to think of it as other than new) had been reckoned up with a nice sense of advantage and loss; the experiment had become much of a necessity. So Coris bent to her work with quick acceptance of the duty, while, without, the strokes of the saw told of a more strenuous effort.

Presently the strokes ceased, and the man wiped his brow at the entrance to the tent.

"Fifteen blessed logs, Coris," he cried.

"And what for wage?" the woman asked with an attempt at lightness.

"Guess."

"A journey to the village?" She had not looked at him, and she laughed uneasily as she spoke.

"We'd sooner starve, wouldn't we, Maysie?" He held the child above him. "Bricks and mortar we defy! Mankind we defy! We are off back to the ancient and undefiled—while it's warm enough!"

Only a shriek of merriment came in answer from the child, and the woman having made her dish ready for the fire, turned and watched the fun. But the picture burned her eyes. There was something in the mutual joy of husband and child which was not wholly joyful to her, the mother. If not the father, if not the child—if nothing hers and hers alone! A second more, and the thought was dashed to the ground for its monstrous pains. But the flight of the sting, though rapid enough, was not hidden from Max Nane. He lowered the child to the ground and slowly went nearer his wife, so slowly, indeed, that as she waited she had time to remind herself that on a former day his keen eyes and firm look would inevitably have won her submission. But at this time, and to her surprise, the words of the book were forcing their way deeper and deeper into her mind. "Still is it possible that your circle be too narrow for your need. Still—"

"What is it, Coris?" His hands were on her shoulders, and he was searching her face.

"Thoughts come—that is all, Max," she answered evasively.

"And go?" he asked.

"Not always."

"What remains?"

"Oh! I suppose I just wonder about things." An edge of expectation was on her voice, sprung from the hope that he would see the run of her thought, and help her to a confession. But the thought itself seemed enough for Nane.

"One must," he answered somewhat moodily, and, going from the tent, he left her to continue the preparations for the meal.

Maysie remained at her side, but Coris had scarce an ear for the prattle. Max was holding himself aloof, she told herself. It was often so; they had little in common—less and less, perhaps,



as the years went by. Had he concluded that there could be no real companionship between them; that she was a dullard, insensible to the finenesses of his books and his thoughts? Perhaps he looked at her pityingly, endeavouring to make up with signs of tenderness for the fewness of his confidences? For, after all, they were few. His generousities were gifts to a child, not to a wife with a claim to equal terms, to full community. He had fallen in love with her face, her voice, as many another man of kindness had fallen in love, and married under the spell. He cherished her as an attractive toy, humouring her for the agreeableness of the result. A clever plan, doubtless, and simple, but offering first-rate excuses, nay, making strong demands.

So the anger instructed her, then cooled, and left her ashamed. The whole structure of charges against Max was levelled to the ground. But there was a temptation to begin to build again with the fallen materials. Whatever the cause, the isolation was a fact; they two were comrades no longer. Had they ever been?

They took their dinner in the open air, in the glare of the sun, within hearing of the crackle of the falling fire, in the path of the dawdling breeze. The vault of the sky was a haze-dimmed blue, the rocks clear-faced, brown-grey-streaked, serene in their grandeur, inviting, their edges sharp yet softened. There was company in the very brilliance, and in the case of Nane it made as much for silence as for conviviality. Maysie prattled, drawing answers from Coris, less often from her father; each had a promising appetite, as if the child had avowed: "This is a great occasion"; the father: "Even a meal has its advantages"; and the mother: "I can eat, why should I not?"

But soon the need to be up and doing was upon her again; the sense of a secret separation twitched her nerves, and made demands on her frankness. Glances, more furtive than bold, at her husband's face told her of his pre-occupation, and granted further indulgences while making more difficult the adoption of a plan.

At length she struck out at random.

"Isn't this the third summer we've spent up here?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"And we've had more of it this year than before," she commented.

"Two months, isn't it?" he asked most quietly.

"Nearly three," she urged: "we came at the end of May, you know."

"Well, it's been wonderful weather," he declared, and so heartily that she must needs pause before she put her next question.

"You don't find it dull, Max? I mean," she went on hurriedly, "first this, and then a winter in sleepy Fellerby, and never anything more?"

His eyes were on the distant mouth of the valley, but on a sudden he looked at her keenly, to the sharpening of her look, and the receiving of the hint of a confession. At the moment Maysie sprang from her seat and scampered into the heather for a frolic with the dog, leaving the pair to their reading of one another, if the task might be accomplished.

"You do, Coris?" He put the question, simply, while out of his depth, though strong for any emergency; feeling with interest for the key to the situation. But even then she found it too difficult to make a direct statement of her case—so long she had refrained from grumbling at the lot he shared with her, so often she had tried to acquire the trick of his thought, to view the world at the angle at which he viewed it, deep thinker that he was. So she answered:

"Oh! I only wonder if we're wasting our chance of seeing things."

"I don't feel that," he told her quietly; then urged: "And what more could you have? This place is very healthy and very beautiful, and so"—he flashed a whimsical look at her—"are you!"

"Am I?" she cried in momentary delight; then checked herself, to take his compliment at the lower estimate. "I was always strong, you know."

"Anyhow, I've noticed that Fellerby makes a difference," he answered.

"It's so quiet, so oppressive," she urged, springing at a chance to unburden herself.

"To me—" he began. But she interrupted him.

"Think of London, Max—the crowds, the theatres, the 'go' of the place!"

"I'd much sooner not think of it," he told her easily. "It's just a nightmare to me."

She had known it, but the ground had to be cleared formally : it would help to prepare him for the final announcement. It seemed that even all their franknesses had not been enough to bring them into closest touch. And the failure called forth her regret even while it offered her justification, even while it pledged her to a fresh experiment. Unconsciously her resolve had been hardening during the conversation ; but, with assurance, came the instinct to delay the last declaration. She claimed, as it were, the right of a last look back, and when Maysie ran towards her, she held out her arms with reckless eagerness, while Nane made a meal for the dog, and toyed with his doubts.

### III

It was a day for a journey to the village—a tramp of three miles, which invariably Maysie took, for the most part shoulder-high, Nane with the mountaineer's patient plod, Coris more trippingly, albeit with a display of strength, an empty satchel swinging on her arm, a light alpenstock in her hand.

To the wife the break in the day's common round had always come with the vaguest, the most acceptable anticipations. The chance of seeing but a new gesture in the infinite human comedy, of hearing a new compelling cry, of answering to a new call of laughter—this was a chance to spin the air and make dance the light. And this although the recreation had never been more than to saunter between two lines of cottages ; to make purchases from the illimitable lady of the single shop, while Max smoked at the door, and Maysie gave proof of the quickness of her eyes ; perhaps to catch sight of a tourist in memorable knickerbockers or skirt ; sometimes to go in the old church and make guesses at the history of one Lady Henrietta, of whom it was recorded on brass that she had fulfilled (even until her seventy-ninth year) duties to her children which they could never forget ; or the history of one Lieutenant Hildebrand, who had died fighting in India at the unquestioning age of twenty-two. Often in fancy

had she seen that Lady Henrietta a wondering gentle bride pledging love to her lord within hearing of the deadened rumble of a bounding "life"; often she had conceived the lady's sensations when for a spell she freed herself from the rich gifts of the town, and hurried with her children to the eloquent old house which showed its chimney-stacks above the wood to the south, there to revel in a beauty of nature which supervened upon, but never destroyed, the promise of a coming whirl, a dance, in figurative phrase, an honest abandonment.

And often she had created the record of Lieutenant Hildebrand, and half marvelled at the unhampered energies of his two-and-twenty years. A bright-eyed fellow he must have been, tall, straight, and fresh looking, with just a hint of seriousness in his talk to a woman—that adorable hint which cleared so benignly the young girl's way, and made a welcome for the man in the hearts of all—matron, dame, and maid. Always she felt the mourning-garb fall upon the sky with the telling of his death, and press down the eyes of all who knew what might have been—a mourning-garb which was a little drawn back when she recalled that those who had hoped of him, at least had known that he had died bravely, that he had played his part. Ah! was not that everything—to be up and doing before age shrilled the voice and wearied the limbs; to act, not merely to contemplate—to be, not merely to understand?

She entered the church this day alone, for Max had gone on an errand to the blacksmith, taking Maysie with him. The walk had proved tedious; while she was pledged to a demand for a new order of life, the promise of the village scenes was lost. She was glad to be alone, glad to stand alone before the tablets which recorded the virtues of the Lady Henrietta and the Lieutenant Hildebrand, and to renew the impress of each of her fancy-made tales.

Suddenly conscious of someone's presence behind her, she turned and found herself face to face with a man not many years older than herself, it seemed; in a dress of a prosperous pedestrian on pleasure bent.

"I'm afraid I startled you," he said easily and pleasantly. "This thick matting deadens the sound even of—these." He pointed to his hob-nailed boots.



Coris hastened to give her share of the explanation with a concern which she knew to be ridiculous.

"I must have been dreaming," she said.

"Really?" He showed a lively interest.

"One may, reasonably—here?" she asked as lightly.

"Oh! the place is excellent; but you—" He let his eyes wander round the building.

"I?" she questioned, half-amused, half-piqued.

"I mean, so few women dream," he explained. "Don't you agree?"

At that she bridled, to his surprise, obviously, and without satisfaction to herself.

"You're asking too much, I'm afraid."

"Too much?"

"You see, I can't possibly want to prove myself exceptional." She took a step or two along the aisle, then on an impulse stood still, and ventured on the remark:

"This is an interesting old church." Somewhat the banality had to be risked, but it became almost terrifying when the stranger laughed, to the accompaniment of a glance of admiration.

"Another quandary!" he cried, laughing.

"How?"

"I want to say," he answered frankly, "that in my view churches are most interesting to those who don't often visit them."

"Isn't that in accordance with the general rule?" She smiled as she put the question, and once again let her glance wander to the age-worn rafters and the small, deep-sunk windows.

"I suppose it is," he allowed; "but what's the reason?"

"Well, we don't intentionally preserve a novelty, do we?" It was delightfully easy to keep the tone light. Indeed, she was beginning to feel quite sure that her judgment was superior to his: did not his trick of simple guileless enquiry imply so much? and his little frank assumptions of authority too? Still, there was no doubt the man had brains. What a large and shapely head he had! And how musical his voice was! She liked, too, the quietude of his face—simplicity some people called it, no doubt: the small grey eyes enquired at once so honestly and politely and yet insistently. Indeed, the stranger, whose presence was some-

thing of a blessing at that moment, was surely just a nice big boy to those who knew him well, in spite of his beard and unjuvenile girth.

"Do you know," he answered, "novelties don't in the least arouse me—unless they're like the old things."

"Really?" She could have laughed aloud.

"I'm very near believing that all the best things have been in the world for a long time."

"But suppose we haven't come across them?"

"We always do," he urged; then added: "I mean those of us who can move about at all, don't you know."

"All except the paupers?"

"And the solitary folk."

"You like the glamour of things?" This with a hint of timidity.

"Oh yes!" he declared with a chuckle, "we must have glamour."

Coris went down the aisle towards the door, slowly enough to invite the stranger to accompany her. His declaration was really quite excellent—if he had taken her seriously. But had he? she wondered. And with an interest she would have found it difficult to explain she sought for a comment to test him.

"And yet one can be solitary anywhere," she remarked.

"Well, I'm not sure"—he began, in disagreement. But she interrupted him.

"I was thinking of the lack of some occupation, or some experience, that interests."

"Oh!" It was an ejaculation of wonder that the topic could be found acceptable; and as such it put a touch of sharpness into her voice, when she asked:

"You think the daily round is a small affair?"

"Well—comparatively," was the quiet answer.

"Do you live in a town?"

"In London, for the most part."

"Ah! that explains it."

"I should put it the other way about," he said as he opened the door and let the sunshine pour in upon them.

"The other way about?"

"Well, I live in London because I like living there."



"I'm afraid—" she began in enquiry.

"I mean that my liking for London and for 'old' things are independent of one another, and not of equal value."

"Why?" It was really impossible not to put the questions, unwelcome though the answers were.

"Well, I don't like the old things quite enough, you see."

The confession quite annoyed her—the more so that it was obviously intended as a confession; and she was thankful that the road was but a step away. For instinct declared that the implied reference had been to a kind of life which was not wholly to be recommended—a reference not in point, in her view; unnecessary, though very probably made in perfect propriety. And being annoyed, she bade him good-day without meeting the look which she felt was upon her, and went apace in the direction of the shop.

Looking up, she saw coming towards her Max and Maysie, and—could it be?—Elice Corné! She stopped short in sheer astonishment. There, surely enough, was the well-known display of toilet, so portentous, so absurdly incongruous with Max's rough clothes, and still more with the primitiveness of the village street; there, surely enough, was that delectable suggestion of unharried business, of assured possession of essential things, which the old friend conveyed as much by her springing tread, as by the generous lips, and the play of the high-arched eyebrows. She ran to meet her, with a cry of delight.

"Elice, it is just wonderful!"

They clasped one another in an embrace which won the consternation of half the village, the curiosity of the child, and the understanding of Nane.

"Wonderful?" Mlle. Corné explained, in her halting English: "it is—yes, tremendous! I go to—to Fellerby—to sing. We travel and travel—it seems for ever; at last we arrive. At the very station I feel something wrong; I ask, and they say the concert-hall on fire—a ruin! Heavens!"

"What a mercy you were not there!" Coris said.

"But the noise, my dear—all night! And the hotel—the beds, the dinner—Ugh! it was horrors!"

"Poor Elice!" But she was laughing.

"I woke in the night; I thought it was the fire in my room; I screamed, and they tapped on my door. 'Are you ill, ma'am?'

they say—mon Dieu!—was I ill!” Her face expressed surest disgust, but again a laugh was the only answer she received.

“You will come home with us?” Max invited.

“How?—On the mountain there?”

“Yes.”

“I can be—*comment*—carried?” the lady enquired.

Nane’s dark face was suffused with light.

“Well, you *could* be,” he told her.

“It isn’t very hard walking,” was Coris’s assurance.

“But the mountain, *ma chère*!” Mlle. Corné reminded them.

“My boots! my legs!” She shrugged her shoulders. “It would be wicked, quite wicked! I feel it!”

“But we cannot lose you so soon!” Coris cried.

“No—of course not. Look! I see the place Merridale as I go to Fellerby; I think of you; this morning I say I will go to Coris. From the station they bring me here in a—a cab, I think, which will not spring. Oh! I ache, I ache! and now you talk of the mountain!”

“Must you go on to-day?” Max asked. “There is an inn here—a decent place, I believe.”

The visitor forgot her pains and her fears, and sprang at the prospect with alacrity.

“Ah! then we will go there. I cannot stay, but we will go, even if we do not eat.”

And as they went, Coris indulged herself with the prospect of a long confession to Elice, an appeal for help, hearing of a multitude of experiences, a glimpse into the promised life of energy and show, music and gaiety; where the applause of hundreds could be earned, and she would be all the more at rest in that the pace of her life had been quickened.

#### IV

There is a tiny tarn within those hills, hidden yet not a stone’s throw from the tents the Nanes dwelt in. Its face comes close to your eyes as you stand beside it, for it is always a brimming cup, captor of the few boulders which still suggest its borders. The moon pours lavishly upon it, as if rejoicing at the stir of light it

can create upon the still face ; and the night has an added meaning there.

And Coris guessed, on the night which followed upon the departure of Elice, that it would help to serve by its peace and charm an especial purpose of her own. The hint came when, looking up from her sewing, she saw her husband standing in the open, his features sharp against the shaft of moonlight which fell between the tents. She laid down her work, made sure that the child was sleeping, and went to his side. He started at her touch.

"Will you walk round the tarn?" she asked half-timidly.

They left the camp at once, silent, forecasting. But soon Coris spoke up without preliminary.

"Suppose I had not come here?" she said.

"I should have come alone."

"And then?"

"Before the winter I should have returned to you."

"And loved me as before?" The question was on her lips ere she had time to consider it. It flamed her cheeks, and set her heart beating faster.

"Yes, as before," Nane replied.

She was immensely relieved. She had feared that when she had gone Max would roam about the hills, his cheeks pale, his head fallen, while his dog followed, as moody. But the calm tone of his answer now sent the fear to the winds. Further, her gratitude was stirred. Womanlike, she believed she had the right to be loved for what she appeared to be ; but the mask had been stripped off now. She remembered, too, that through Max had come the great transition from the promise of girlhood to the noon of womanhood. And though those first days had gone, the memory of them was priceless.

They went on, silent once more, the glassy, burnished water drawing their eyes, the bright, colourless night striving to stay their thought. Then Coris questioned :

"Max, you quite meant what you said just now : you would have come here without me?"

"And soon have returned."

"Yes, yes, but you would have come?"

"Yes."

"Max"—and it was as if her heart itself spoke—"I must go away."

Nane looked at her sharply, but did not answer.

"I want you to bid me go."

It was a confession well-nigh tragic, the man's great victory, unasked for, and taken with some wonder, though without reproach, of course. For he desired no advantage, finding it enough that there was a game on the board, and that he could follow the leading moves. There was much more to be discovered; but the known conditions were not of too alarming a description. His guesses had been vague, but they had prepared the way, and though he was smartly hit, the wound was not deep. What quickened him, chiefly, was the thought that probably for a long time she had led a life secret from him, owing little to his own, offering it still less; that the unguessed-of power to survey the territory, and select a corner for a dwelling, had been hers when no suspicion of the power had troubled him.

"Why must you go, Coris?"

The wife's manner was in sharp contrast.

"This life is not natural to me," she cried: "I'm bored to death by it. I need excitement; to be taken out of myself. I used to feel the need in my girlhood. You killed it for a while, Max, but it has come again, stronger than ever." She was harried, stricken by the difficulties of her position—the desire to tell everything and yet speak the fewest words possible.

"Then where will you go?" Nane asked gently. "What will you do?"

She sprang to the point eagerly, rejoicing that he had raised it.

"I shall go to Elice Corné: I told her everything to-day, and she promised to help me. She will let me live with her, and will help to teach me to sing."

"To sing?" It seemed a listless question.

"As a professional, you know. I have a voice—a good one, they say. You think it's good, don't you, Max?" she asked urgently.

"The purest of voices," he answered heavily.

"And you're a terrible critic!" she cried. "Think what the others will say! Why, I shall make a living for myself and Maysie in no time!"



"Maysie!" It had not occurred to him that he might be about to lose both child and wife. Maysie occupied a place in the gallery of his acquaintance it would be impossible to refill—or difficult, certainly. He had little pride in her charms, but none the less he found pleasure in her presence—an ear for the music of her laughter; an eye for the pretty briskness of her face, and for the healthy vigour of her frame; a thought for her station on the brink of life. Her arms around his neck, her soft cheek pressed against his, raised him to an emotionalism lofty even though he contemplated it the while he experienced it; a gift which seemed less his possession than his opportunity.

"I could not go without her," Coris cried. "No one but me could look after her—not even you."

"You will be able to look after her?" Nane asked.

"Yes—a thousand times yes."

"If you are not?"

"I will ask your help. But I shall not need it, Max. In a year or so they will let me sing; and I shall work so hard. And I'll write to you, and you will come and see me sometimes, and we'll arrange what to do next. I have some money, you know."

And soon he submitted on the terms, and, losing his fear for the welfare of the child, dismissed from his mind all objections to her going. The wife had the right to go, the wife had the right to the child—the inalienable right of motherhood—therefore the child must go too. Doubtless she was wise: the solitude seemed to be her burden; the close presence of the mountains her loss. And—well, the truth had to be accepted; he could not revolt.

"Will it not be best?" she begged most urgently.

He took her hands in his, as if to ease the trouble she displayed.

"Yes, it will be best," he answered.

"You could not come too? You are happiest here?"

"Yes, I am happiest here," he agreed, with just the glimmer of a wonder if ever the noisy crushing life of that other world would ever draw him to itself.

"I am different—oh! so different, Max. Living here makes me as wild as the mountains, though in a very different way—they have no interest for me as they seem to have for you; in the morning I feel caged up, in the evening the twilight hurts

my eyes. I must do something, be something, lose myself in something."

She had withdrawn her hand while speaking, and now he saw her turned away from him, her bosom tossed, her head uplifted. And the sight called forth both his pity and respect—pity for the distress, and respect for the cause of it. Her case came to have an interest as such. Would she soon fall back on the old protection? or would success fan away all memory of the old order, impose conditions which were hostile to a renewal of it, suck the spirit out of desire for it?

"And you will come and see me sometimes?" Coris pleaded.

"I will try," he answered. He could not pretend that he would lose his repugnance to town-life.

"Promise, Max."

"Could you not come here?" he asked gently.

"I'm afraid it will be so difficult when I am busy, and Maysie must be with me. And the winter is coming, when you must live in a house."

"We must make a compromise," Nane told her.

"Oh yes!" she cried: "we will meet somewhere and have a little holiday." Then she asked anxiously: "You will not fear for me?"

"As little as may be, Coris."

"And you will believe I need to go?"

"Yes, I will believe it."

"Because I cannot help feeling dull and useless?"

"Even so, Coris."

"And because—ah! the great reason of all—because I will come back to you?"

Nane made his way up the hummock above them, before answering. His wife followed, and together they looked across the shadows. Away in the dense screen of the night, in the depths of the valley, a single yellow light shone, the one sign of a human world. The woman saw it, and drew upon its possible meaning, her fancy disporting. That light was the symbol of her aspirations and desires when the giant bulk of the mountains had grown unearthly; the symbol of eager purpose when the stars shone cold and wanton; the symbol of human warmth when the moonlight streamed as ghostly as still; the symbol of softened



sleep when the beck sang the songs of madness. It made, in her feeling, for all that was rich, throbbing, coloured; indicating a world of rest in passion; denying the claim of that moody nature which terrified with its very evenness.

To Nane, as he looked across the valley, it was a moment of contemplation heavy, yet quivering with life, transcendent yet informed with the story of his race. The vast circle of the universe was, to his consciousness, around him; wafting its unending message from sphere to sphere, from pole to pole; grand in its mourning as in its gladness; telling the story of the animate by the inanimate; the eternal creature of an eternal strength; stranger in its visible energies as in its æon-distanced labouring. The spell of this world was upon him, and within it the dull sense of an advantage which surely he was about to lose. Coris's last words were whirling in his ears, but he could not secure them for his behoof. "Because I will come back to you!" So might a butterfly assure its mate, then fall a victim to a swirling wind or crafty net. "Because I will come back to you!" Could she come back? Was not the Coris of old already dead? The woman who had helped to make his content—had she not gone from him already? It was not he who had changed.

"You believe I will come back?" Coris asked.

She turned to him as she spoke, timid, beseeching; and not succeeding in drawing his look, she pressed herself close to his side, eager to give all she could, now that the victory was hers. And Nane, feeling her touch, passed an arm around her. But he still evaded her question.

"You will tell me if you need me?" he asked.

"At once, at once," she cried. "And you will tell me if you need me?"

"Yes, I will tell you."

The single yellow light in the valley had disappeared; the night had grown darker, leaving the outlines of the hills too illusive to suggest life. To Coris it seemed that they were aloof from the sleeping world, without it, beyond its reach. She was wrung with the sense of an awful abyss beneath her, crushed with the weight of threatening darkness. And with her nerves thus shattered she threw herself upon her husband's pity, begging, imploring, she knew not for what.

"Speak to me, Max ; I am afraid—speak to me!"

Gently his fingers passed across her forehead.

"I love you, Max ; I shall always love you. And I will come again to you soon, so very soon, and we shall be to one another more than ever, Max—far more than ever!"

Every word was wreathed with desire, formless, obscure, yet resistless. It was the cry of a nature somewhat fearful of self, following instinct, incapable of subtle compromises, generous while self-seeking.

"I shall not forget," Nane answered, deeply.

"Forget! I shall think of you always!" was her impassioned answer.

Slowly, lingeringly, they went to the tent. At the door Nane halted and looked towards the summit of the mountain.

"Do you hear the music the breeze makes?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, wondering and shaken.

"I shall fancy it is your voice."

"Oh! but it is sad, Max." The appeal was as strenuous as tremulous.

"Only as sad as all other beautiful voices," he answered quietly.

Then they shut out the night.

*(To be continued)*

## THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

*(Number 1001 of the inedited "Thousand and One Fables")*

A Fox who had forced his way with great pains into a certain vineyard found that the grapes were both sour and out of reach.

"Never mind," he said. "At least it'll serve that old fool Æsop a turn."

J. E. Woodmeald.

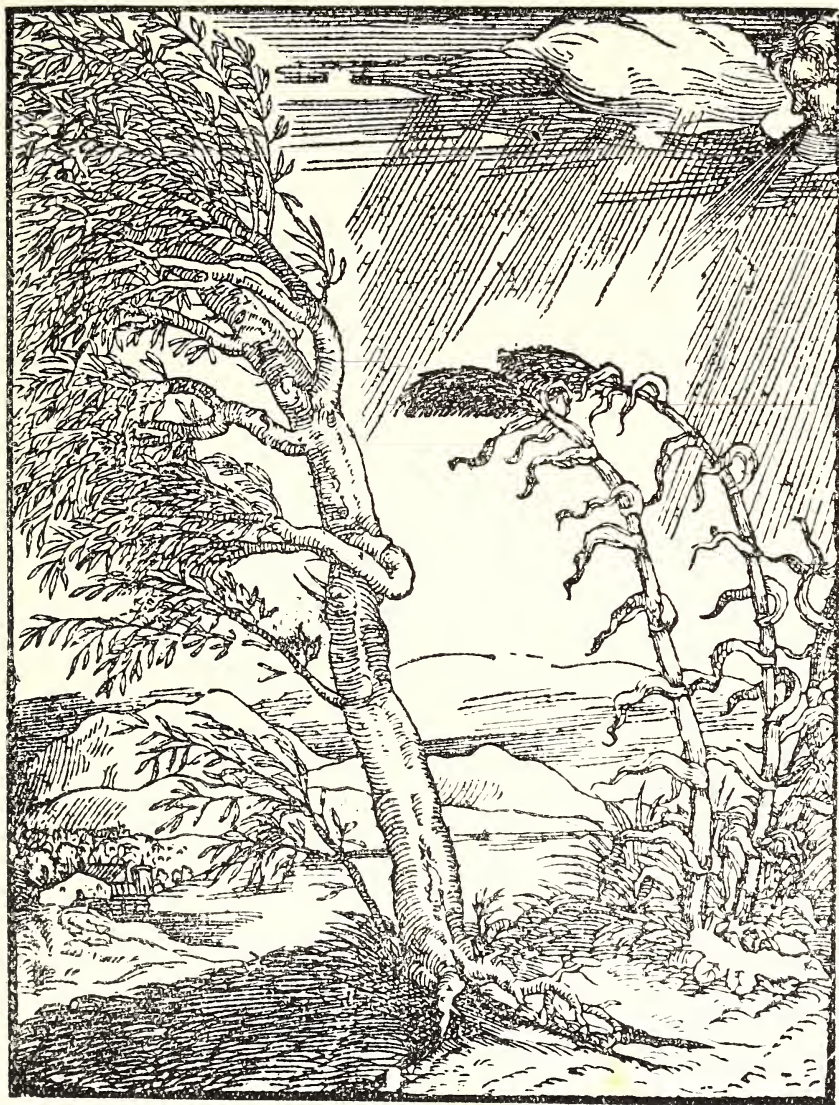
VERDIZOTTI

*After* TITIAN [?]

“THE OAK AND THE CANE” (*From* “CENTO FAVOLE”)









ANTONIO DA TRENTO (?)

*After* PARMIGIANO

“DIANA” (*A Chiaroscuro Woodcut*)











## FOUR SONNETS

### I.—DEATH AND LOVE

YES, love is death ; for when my soul, unbound,  
Escapes the world, and softly enters thee,  
Time's noises perish, and I hear the sound  
Of things that else must ever silent be.  
The space of lifelessness between us twain  
(The narrow veil of severing death) I rive ;  
So earth is deadened, while in thee I gain  
An overworld beyond all death alive.  
Thou not-myself art yet that self of mine  
That lay unborn above my conscious thought ;  
My inner darknesses, delivered, shine  
In thee ; the outer lights in thee are nought.  
Life's half of me is humbled to a death ;  
Death's half of me is living in thy breath.

### II.—A VOICE FROM THE DEAD

IN me the carnal earth was once alive,  
Contracted to a body closely bound,  
Wherein ethereal freedom could not thrive,  
The song of timelessness could make no sound.  
I knew not peace, but vain desire was strong ;  
Until the mystery of my deathlike birth  
Struck noise to silence—silence to a song,  
Illumed the worldless dark, and darkened earth.  
For through the death-door that my soul concealed  
I mutely called myself from straitened space  
To straitening spirit, and I found revealed  
The life that hath the inverted will for base ;  
So earth lay dead, and I, alive, was free ;  
I slept in peace, and peace awoke in me.

## III.—THE MYSTIC

WITHIN me I have built a mystic church  
More durable than any stony fane.  
Its walls, windowed with dreams of glowing stain,  
Blaze with the jewelled spoils of lifelong search;  
And in its warm and star-lamped courts abound  
Epiphanies of beauty; passionate clouds  
Of incense weird and sweet; ethereal crowds  
Of souls; and radiant ecstasies of sound.  
And oh, the passion of the worship-hours,  
When Love, the purple-bright high priest, precedes  
The chastened priesthood of my inner powers  
To my heart's heart, and there adores and pleads  
With rapt miraculous voice, and stately deeds;  
Till peace goes forth in silent healing showers!

## IV.—THE WEEPERS

OFT at my spirit's doors I hear the call  
Of some forlorn one whose poor body lies  
Beyond the goings of my conscious eyes,  
Where solace of the sunshine cannot fall;  
And, sending then a blessing through each wall  
Of shut distress that love's winds can surprise,  
I open my heart's chambers to the cries  
Of hearts that sorrow, while I say to all:  
"Enter into my soul, all ye that weep;  
"I will not cast you out, but give you rest,  
"Amongst the happy dream-folk, love-possessed,  
"Within the safe enclosure of my sleep;  
"That ye, humanely wrought upon and blessed,  
"May soon into a golden morrow leap."

William H. Phelps.

# LUZTELBURGER

*After* HOLBEIN

Illustrations to Leviticus x. and Psalm lii. from  
"ICONES HISTORiarUM VETERIS TESTAMENTI"









## SPECIAL PROVIDENCES

TUESDAYS were dark days. There *had* been a time indeed,—far back, before we were in the school-room,—when they were neither worse nor better than any other day of the week, and had, in fact, no special individuality. But that time was long gone by, and since then, there was a dim chain of dark spots which ran in my memory, marking their course. And that same line stretched, without doubt, I thought, into the empty future. To be free of them, one would certainly have to be seventeen, or perhaps even eighteen, and then, very likely, Wednesdays or Thursdays might get bad instead, so that one would be really no better off than at present.

Meantime they came round at a terrible pace. Hardly was one forgotten before you found yourself already at Sunday, and there was scant breathing space between that and Tuesday morning. Very often, however, I remembered nothing about it until breakfast-time of the actual day, and then a black man-like figure, half seen in the road outside, was enough to recall the whole situation. “There surely was Mr. Fraser!”

Often enough, it was not he at all, but it seemed to me that I never noticed anybody in the road at breakfast-time on any other mornings.

Mr. Fraser had a peculiarly inhuman trait of always arriving too early, and it somehow added to his awfulness. His custom was, to prowl up and down outside the house until he saw that the breakfast things were being cleared away from the dining-room, and then he would thunder upon the door, and with a sort of feigned breathlessness fling off his overcoat, and slowly pound upstairs to the school-room.

Then began the endless two hours of the weekly drawing-lesson,

and we hitched our chairs tightly up to the table, dipped our curls upon our drawing-desks, and braced ourselves against complete despair. Mr. Fraser moved about from one desk to the other or stood at the unoccupied end of the table. There he enlarged upon his misfortunes, which were many, while he sharpened somebody's pencil. The smell of black-lead dust which followed, mixed with faint odours of dry bread, india-rubber, and polished wood table, —(for we always had the tablecloth off on these occasions,) are constant remembrancers of the day and its adversity.

While I was digging upon my paper interminable figures of "Conventional Straight Lines," I used to long that my turn should come for Mr. Fraser to seat himself before my desk. For it was always possible that after he had looked at my work silently for a moment, he would say, "This shows an improvement. You may turn on to the next page now." But far oftener, instead, he would draw a few magical lines himself, and then say grandly, "Well, well; you can do better than this. Let me see what you can show me when I come round to you again."

And then, finding him so close to me, with his strong suggestion of bad tobacco, and his cheeks and hands palpable reminders of a turkey's wattles, I was thankful to have him move away, even though he left me under further sentence of hard labour.

Mr. Fraser's stories were numerous, and they served to while away some of the long spell of the lesson, but they dealt with such mysterious incidents, and were, indeed, so long themselves, that not unfrequently, they only seemed to furnish a second gauge of wearisomeness.

"When I was in the Franco-Prussian War,"—he would begin, and my mind would drift off from his hazy narrative to construct a war in which drawing-masters could take part, in their proper capacity; for of course it never occurred to me that Mr. Fraser could have existed otherwise than with a pencil in his hand.

"I was taking my little daughter with me the other day,"—was another of his beginnings, and that he should actually have a little daughter seemed to me such a touch of nature, that I thought it must promise some sort of bond between even myself and Mr. Fraser,—who as he appeared on Tuesday mornings was so infinitely remote and unakin.

I pictured that little daughter as a beautiful child, who had



instinctively acquired the painful art of drawing,—and who, as Mr. Fraser told us, played the piano magnificently. He called it “pianner,” but why shouldn’t he? There might very well be different ways of speaking of the same thing, or hers might be a slightly different instrument to the one on which I played scales and five-finger exercises.

I concluded for some reason that she was just my own age. I should have liked to ask him to make sure; but I felt shy of confessing my curiosity, and besides Mr. Fraser was apt not to notice one’s questions, while the “elder ones” invariably did, and were quite ready to administer a snub for everything unconventional.

There came indeed a day when I at last actually saw the “little daughter.” It was towards the end of the long drawing-lesson period of our lives. My mother had learnt that Mrs. Fraser was ill, and accordingly, on one of our morning walks, we were despatched with a large bunch of grapes. The road, when at last we found it, presented a grim little suburban cul-de-sac, at the end of which was a field with a notice board, a goat and an old coal-scuttle.

“Do you think this *can* be Mr. Fraser’s Dromore Terrace?” I asked the governess, for the aspect of the place at once made me certain that the “little daughter,” if she really lived here, could not be the beautiful being I had imagined her.

But I saw that no such doubt appealed to Miss Thorne; and when the girl in clustering curl-papers, who opened the door of Number Nine to us, replied to our enquiries, that “Mrs Fraser was feeling a lot better to-day,” I had reluctantly to give up my dream. This then was the charming “little daughter”! She looked ever so old, ever so different from myself—(so I phrased “vulgarity”)—and she showed no reciprocal spark of interest in me.

It was disappointing: for little as I cared for Mr. Fraser, there is a friendliness in every child’s mind, which makes it want an excuse for feeling intimate towards other people. The “little daughter” had long formed the only possible link in my mind, and now she proved herself to be as remote as her father.—But she had led me astray.

Somehow or other each of those drawing-lessons dragged themselves out to an end; and though every week the two hours seemed to have a greater staying power, yet every week Mr. Fraser did



actually leave the school-room with his astonishing bow, and his "Good-morning, young ladies and gentlemen."

His departure heralded an interval of peace, which Lettie and I spent in learning our daily column of spelling. As I think of the word "yacht" all the familiar features of the knotty window-pane come before me—"y—a—c—h—t, yacht,—y—a—c—h—t, yacht,"—by the very slightest movement of your head you could drag that glass-bubble into the very heart of the lime-tree trunk where the starlings always sat, and bore a hole of daylight straight through its very middle. Then draw it a little further across and the old tree bulges as the bubble seems to strain it to its uttermost, till at last its bark bursts and your glass-knot sails out into free sky with only a shell of black still clinging round its tree-ward curve.

That was the big boggling knot in the middle of the middle pane, but there was another little egg-shaped one lower down, which looked like a doll's window let into the big pane. Some of the trees and cottages across the green fitted naturally into its oval from my point of view, and it had an amusing way of enclosing inside it more than you would have thought it was possible it should do. By carefully moving your eyes up and down, you could actually force the little cottages to appear caught up into the sky in the oval's embrace. But meanwhile, "y—a—c—h—t, yacht."—One always had something else one was obliged to do just as one got interested in anything. If only lessons were about window-knots or starlings instead of Alfred the Great or yachts or drawing! I would just have one more look through my little oval, and try how far it would carry the cottages upward before they began slinking out at the bottom, and then I could finish learning "psalm" and "hautboy."

But always before I had got to the end of my column on Tuesday mornings, a sound crept into my ears, which filled me with dismay. It was a broken, squealing sound, occasionally over-powered by a dead "bang," which, as it came nearer, gradually seemed to steal down inside me and take up its position in the very middle of my stomach. Nearer and nearer it inevitably came. Grown-up people never took any notice of it until it had got quite close, and then they occasionally remarked with amazing calmness that "That musical acrobat was quite distracting." But

by that time I was insensible to every other sensation than one of speechless terror. The worst part of it all was that it was unseen. The school-room windows were too high to let one see anything that was happening outside nearer than the middle of the green, and the squealing and banging passed close by our own gate. I could tell this pretty well by the sound; and besides, once, I had luckily left a book upon the window-sill and managed to want it just as the "thing" was going by. It was then I had got a glimpse of my enemy.

He seemed hardly human. A drum was attached to him so closely that I could not satisfy myself whether it was excrescence or appendage; he plied unceasingly a concertina, and clanged—how he did it I could not make out—a pair of cymbals at his back. The effect of it was horrible; but so long as I could see him, something of my terror disappeared in the absorption of watching his surprising movements. As soon as I was back in my seat the sound penetrated again to my very vitals, and I was once more in the power of his torture.

It was a puzzle to me indeed, how it came to be that this jangling man went about freely, in spite of the obvious activity of policemen in general. No one *could* like him, and what *should* he do it for? At last I worked out a theory. The man must have an enemy,—someone who had been inconceivably cruel to him,—I left the details vague, for I could not furnish anything from the store of my imagination which would be horrible enough to account for facts,—this enemy he could not catch,—somehow he had eluded him wholly, and it was in hopes of ultimately wreaking his revenge upon him that he wandered round, spreading his agony broadcast. If only he could be told that here his enemy was not. But there was no way of doing this. One can't run out into the open road in one's shoes and pinafore, and my hat was on too high a shelf for me to reach it without help. Besides the "noise" always found me in the middle of lessons. So I tried to master my distraction, and hoped only that Miss Thorne didn't notice how little I looked at my spelling and how far I craned my neck to try to catch at least a sight of the top of his hat.

But the "very worst" can never last very long. There seems a sort of weakness about Fate itself, which forces it to loosen its

grip after a time ; and when Tuesdays had reached their blackest, an alleviation came.

One morning when Mr. Fraser had but just performed his long-hoped-for bow and disappeared from the school-room, I was brushing together a heap of bread crumbs, preparatory to putting on the cloth, when Miss Thorne told us we were to take our books to the sewing-room. "The crumbs could be left," she said, "as the school-room in future was to be cleaned on Tuesdays after the drawing-lesson.

"Always?" I asked anxiously. It was almost too good to believe.

"For the present at any rate," said Miss Thorne, with that provoking caution which grown-up people so often seem to think necessary.

How had it happened? Did Miss Thorne, in spite of her apparent calm indifference, really perhaps hate the jangling man as I did? or had she seen how I hated him and actually thought out this plan, by which, instead of the misery of the drum and cymbals, we had the joyous quiet, which was the sewing-room's whole charm?

It was a room very little used,—hardly ever, indeed,—except in certain weeks of spring and autumn, when an old seamstress came in to help in the making of our summer and winter frocks. Otherwise it stood empty,—the sewing machine and table covered with dusting-sheets,—the blinds drawn, and a smell of *stillness* about the place, which I cannot describe. It seemed the result of its lifelessness and passivity.

It was an admirable place of retirement from nursery disturbances, and one that Lettie and I often made use of. Once seated on the chintz-covered window-cushion, with the branches of the great silver poplar almost around us, no greater event need be expected than the flirtations of a pair of titmice among the gently pattering leaves. The world seemed so calm and big there, among the details of twig and branch and leaf, which I knew almost by heart, and I felt that all these belonged somehow to a vast life, which, by watching and loving, I might also become a part of. Sometimes, too, great afternoon clouds climbed up behind the branches, or the blue sky gradually gave way to the tide of crimson which overflowed it after a cloudless sunset. At



such times the sewing-room window seemed a doorway out into the infinite. Small wonder, then, that on Tuesday mornings it was a blessed change from the school-room.

Weeks went by, and we regularly gathered together our books and moved away to the back of the house as soon as the drawing-lesson was over. But I still felt distrustful of my good fortune.

"Are we to go to the sewing-room to-day, *again?*" I asked each time, till at last Miss Thorne wearied of my questioning, and answered me, to my immense delight, that she wished I would not be for ever objecting to necessary arrangements, and could I not take in a fact after hearing it repeated at least twenty times? I was afraid by this that Miss Thorne did not altogether care for the sewing-room herself, so I offered to carry in her footstool for her, from that time forwards, lest she might at any time lend her weight to a return to the old régime.

After this only one Tuesday stands out gigantic in my retrospect of their succession, and that was one of joyful deliverance.

It was a summer morning, and I had just begun with peculiar distaste the drawing of a five-barred gate. The uprights and horizontals presented lines which seemed doomed to stand permanently at quite impossible angles, while the cross-bar with its double set of diagonals seemed insurmountable. It was still in the early stages of its construction when my mother entered the room. Mr. Fraser stopped in the middle of a painful story, which from its opening seemed to imply the death of his favourite "daug" on a railway line. I never heard the end. My mother talked with Mr. Fraser for a minute in the low unintelligible way which grown-up people can, and then she bent over my murky drawing.

I longed to turn back to the dog-kennel on the page before, so that she might see that I could do better than the gate; but the pages of my book clung together, and my mother's eye rested upon those hopeless groups of would-be parallels. She cannot have been really looking at them, though; for she made no remark about them, but simply told me I could put my drawing away and come with her.

Seeing that Paradise to a child is in the gift of everyone, I used to wonder sometimes that it was so often withheld, but when it *was* given it roused in me a sense of entirely dumb beatitude. To be able to break through the otherwise immutable barriers of

lesson hours was the splendid privilege of being "mother," but I could show my appreciation of the boon merely by an important gravity.

"I want you to come and sit in the garden with me, while I write my letters," she said, as soon as we were out of the room. "Run and get some book to read, and your hat. You'll find me beneath the acacia-tree."

It was only a few minutes before I re-appeared, carrying under my arm a decrepit copy of Borrow's Bible in Spain. The book had always lived, respectable but unused, on the top of the nursery bookshelf, since the days when I had first explored the room. It was one of those well-established things in fact which one could not remember not having been in its place since the beginning of time. Lately,—that is, since I had learned to read without trouble,—I had felt a gradually increasing interest in it. I liked the title; the "Bible" part of it was familiar and comfortable, while "Spain" added a flavour of excitement and novelty. I did not even make a guess at its meaning, but it seemed worth enquiring into. For the most part I had no time for reading. Lessons demolished three whole hours, and then meals, putting on and off one's out-of-door clothes, having one's hair made straight, and an occasional ship-wreck or rein-deer driving left no minute over.

But now the very time was come, and my only fear was lest mamma should tell me that this was not a book she thought I should care very much about, because it was really intended for grown-up people. It certainly looked so. There was no picture in it anywhere;—no big print or dialogues; and I was a little anxious. But to-day everything went gaily. Mamma had read that very same book when she was a little girl, and I should find it delightful.

So I stretched myself on the grass beside her writing-table, and plunged into a new world. I don't know how much I understood. Very little, I fancy, but there was a glamour of wonderful things in every sentence which kept me reading. There were adventures with robbers, night-revels in open country, lit by gipsy camp-fires, and obscure characters whose intentions I never fathomed, and whose actions were almost equally unintelligible. There were fearful dangers,—all indistinct but very alarming,—and splendid escapes; and the Bible, if it was mentioned at all, was



spoken of in such covert terms, that I, like most other people, never made out where it came in.

But all the time as I read, I dimly realised that besides this magical book-world the real world was also more delightful than I had ever known it to be before. There sat my mother, and *I* was in the calm serenity of her presence. Her pen squeaked gently and continuously, and the wicker table cracked from time to time under her hand. A bevy of gnats simmered ever against the same patch of blue sky, while the sparrows overhead were perpetually reiterating their clamorous notes among the acacia boughs. Everything was just as it ought to be ;—the only puzzle was why it was not always thus.

Isabel Fry.

## FROM PHILOSTRATUS

### BEAUTY AT THE BANQUET (*Epistle 32*)

MORE bright than goblets are thine eyes,  
Through which thy Soul doth shine,  
And on thy cheek the blush outvies  
The rubies of the wine;  
While thy white raiment doth enhance  
The splendour of thy countenance.

Lips with the blood of roses dyed  
Are thine, and thou canst yield  
Sweet waters from thine eyes beside,  
As from a fount unsealed;  
Wherefore, methinks that thou must be  
A very Nymph of Castaly!

How many stop in deep amaze,  
To see so sweet a sight!  
How many doth thy speaking gaze,  
Without a word, invite!

I chanced to see thine eyes, when first  
My hands the goblet took;  
I pause awhile, and though I thirst,  
I cannot choose but look.  
My lips the cup forbear to press,  
When eyes can drink thy loveliness!

NEGLECTED BEAUTY (*Epistle 27*)

THY beauty wars with thee, and doth deride  
Thy self-neglect, and still thou seemest fair,  
As plants, which in their nature do confide,  
Nor need the gardener's uncertain care.  
Thou wilt not ride, nor to the tourney go,  
Nor carest to the Sun thyself to show,  
But wrangling with thyself, thou walkest still  
In mean attire. Thou art deceived, my dear.  
For thou art beautiful, against thy will,  
And by neglect more winning dost appear.

So vines and fruit untended charm, and so  
All things which of themselves more lovely grow.  
With rustic hinds Apollo deigned to dwell,  
And Cypris loved the country shepherds well.

Nor stars of heaven, nor birds, nor prancing steed,  
Nor lilies of the field, adornment need,  
And thou, with gold and rich attire undecked,  
Art but more lovely for thy own neglect.

## THE CURSE OF ANGER

WHILE he could from wrath forbear,  
Then was Agamemnon fair,  
And to him in union blent  
Many gods their beauties lent.  
Eyes like Zeus he then possessed,  
Ares' waist, Poseidon's breast.

When he chafed, from friends estranged,  
And his mood to anger changed,  
Lo! his eyes, where madness gleamed,  
Like a stag's or bloodhound's seemed,  
And his heavenly glance that shone  
Like the glance of Zeus was gone.

Wolves and dogs and serpents dire  
Rage with unconcealèd ire ;  
Every beast that doth not know  
Aught of Reason rageth so.

Beauteous friends to grief beguile,  
If they do but cease to smile ;  
Ill it fits the orb of Day  
With the clouds to veil his face ;  
Ah ! what darkness mars thy grace !  
What grim night o'ershadows thee !

Smile again, and smile for me !  
Let me see the looks I prize,  
And the morning in thine eyes.

Percy Osborn.

JAN LIEVENS

“A VENETIAN NOBLE”







IL.









# THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHELLEY'S POETRY

## I. HIS RULING IDEAS

WHEN I was a boy in Dublin I was one of a group who rented a room in a mean street to discuss philosophy. My fellow-students got more and more interested in certain modern schools of mystical belief, and I never found anybody to share my one unshakable belief. I thought that whatever of philosophy has been made poetry is alone permanent, and that one should begin to arrange it in some regular order, rejecting nothing as the make-believe of the poets. I thought, so far as I can recollect my thoughts after so many years, that if a powerful and benevolent spirit has shaped the destiny of this world, we can better discover that destiny from the words that have gathered up the heart's desire of the world, than from historical records, or from speculation, wherein the heart withers. Since then I have observed dreams and visions very carefully, and am now certain that the imagination has some way of lighting on the truth that the reason has not, and that its commandments, delivered when the body is still and the reason silent, are the most binding we can ever know. I have re-read "Prometheus Unbound," which I had hoped my fellow-students would have studied as a sacred book, and it seems to me to have an even more certain place than I had thought, among the sacred books of the world. I remember going to a learned scholar to ask about its deep meanings, which I felt more than understood, and his telling me that it was Godwin's "Political Justice" put into rhyme, and that Shelley was a crude revolutionist, and believed that the overturning of kings and priests would regenerate mankind. I quoted the lines which tell how the halcyons ceased to prey on fish, and how poisonous leaves became good for food, to show that he foresaw more than any political regeneration, but was too timid to

push the argument. I still believe that one cannot help believing him, as this scholar I know believes him, a vague thinker, who mixed occasional great poetry with a phantastic rhetoric, unless one compares such passages, and above all such passages as describe the liberty he praised, till one has discovered the system of belief that lay behind them. It should seem natural to find his thought full of subtlety, for Mrs. Shelley has told how he hesitated whether he should be a metaphysician or a poet, and has spoken of his "huntings after the obscure" with regret, and said of that "Prometheus Unbound," which so many for three generations have thought "Political Justice" put into rhyme, "It requires a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own to understand the mystic meanings scattered throughout the poem. They elude the ordinary reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague. It was his design to write prose metaphysical essays on the Nature of Man, which would have served to explain much of what is obscure in his poetry; a few scattered fragments of observation and remarks alone remain. He considered these philosophical views of mind and nature to be instinct with the intensest spirit of poetry." From these scattered fragments and observations, and from many passages read in their light, one soon comes to understand that his liberty was so much more than the liberty of "Political Justice," that it was one with Intellectual Beauty, and that the regeneration he foresaw was so much more than the regeneration many political dreamers have foreseen, that it could not come in its perfection till the hours bore "Time to his grave in eternity." In "A Defence of Poetry," the profoundest essay on the foundation of poetry in English, he shows that the poet and the lawgiver hold their station by the right of the same faculty, the one uttering in words and the other in the forms of society, his vision of the divine order, the Intellectual Beauty. "Poets, according to the circumstances of the age and nation in which they appeared, were called in the earliest epoch of the world legislators or prophets, and a poet essentially comprises and unites both these characters. For he not only beholds intensely the present as it is, and discovers those laws according to which present things are to be ordained, but he beholds the future in the present, and his thoughts are the germs of the flowers and the fruit of latest time." "Language, colour, form, and religious and civil habits of action,

are all the instruments and materials of poetry." Poetry is "the creation of actions according to the unchangeable process of human nature as existing in the mind of the creator, which is itself the image of all other minds." "Poets have been challenged to resign the civic crown to reasoners and merchants. . . . It is admitted that the exercise of the imagination is the most delightful, but it is alleged that that of reason is the more useful. . . . Whilst the mechanist abridges and the political economist combines labour, let them be sure that their speculations, for want of correspondence with those first principles which belong to the imagination, do not tend, as they have in modern England, to exasperate at once the extremes of luxury and want. . . . The rich have become richer, the poor have become poorer, . . . such are the effects which must ever flow from an unmitigated exercise of the calculating faculty." The speaker of these things might almost be Blake, who held that the Reason not only created Ugliness, but all other evils. The books of all wisdom are hidden in the cave of the Witch of Atlas, who is one of his personifications of beauty, and when she moves over the enchanted river that is an image of all life, the priests cast aside their deceits, and the king crowns an ape to mock his own sovereignty, and the soldiers gather about the anvils to beat their swords to ploughshares, and lovers cast away their timidity, and friends are united; while the power, which in "The Revolt of Islam," awakens the mind of the reformer to contend, and itself contends, against the tyrannies of the world, is first seen, as the star of love or beauty. And at the end of "The Ode to Naples," he cries out to "the spirit of beauty" to overturn the tyrannies of the world, or to fill them with its "harmonizing ardours." He calls the spirit of beauty liberty, because despotism, and perhaps as "the man of virtuous soul commands not nor obeys," all authority, pluck virtue from her path towards beauty, and because it leads us by that love whose service is perfect freedom. It leads all things by love, for he cries again and again that love is the perception of beauty in thought and things, and it orders all things by love, for it is love that impels the soul to its expressions in thought and in action, by making us "seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves." "We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness." We have

"a soul within our soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap," and we labour to see this soul in many mirrors, that we may possess it the more abundantly. He would hardly seek the progress of the world by any less gentle labour, and would hardly have us resist evil itself. He bids the reformers in "The Philosophical Review of Reform," receive "the onset of the cavalry," if it be sent to disperse their meetings, "with folded arms," and "not because active resistance is not justifiable, but because temperance and courage would produce greater advantages than the most decisive victory"; and he gives them like advice in "The Masque of Anarchy," for liberty, the poem cries, "is love," and can make the rich man kiss its feet, and, like those who followed Christ, give away his goods and follow it throughout the world.

He does not believe that the reformation of society can bring this beauty, this divine order, among men without the regeneration of the hearts of men. Even in "Queen Mab," which was written before he had found his deepest thought, or rather perhaps before he had found words to utter it, for I do not think men change much in their deepest thought, he is less anxious to change men's beliefs, as I think, than to cry out against the serpent more subtle than any beast of the field, selfishness, "the cause and the effect of tyranny." He affirms again and again that the virtuous, those who have "pure desire and universal love," are happy in the midst of tyranny, and he foresees a day when "the spirit of nature," the spirit of beauty of his later poems, who has her "throne of power unappealable in every human heart," shall have made men so virtuous that "kingly glare will lose its power to dazzle and silently pass by," and as it seems even commerce, "the venal interchange of all that human art or nature yields, which wealth should purchase not," come as silently to an end.

He was always, indeed in chief, a witness for that "power unappealable." Maddalo, in "Julian and Maddalo," says that the soul is powerless, and can only, like a "dreary bell hung in a heaven-illuminated tower, toll our thoughts and our desires to meet round the rent heart and pray"; but Julian, who is Shelley himself, replies, as the makers of all religions have replied—

"Where is the beauty, love and truth we seek  
But in our minds? And if we were not weak,  
Should we be less in deed than in desire?"



while "Mont Blanc" is an intricate analogy to affirm that the soul has its sources in "the secret strength of things," "which governs thought and to the infinite heavens is a law." He even thought that men might be immortal were they sinless, and his Cythna bids the sailors be without remorse, for all that live are stained as they are. It is thus, she says, that time marks men and their thoughts for the tomb. And the "Red Comet," the image of evil in "Laon and Cythna," when it began its war with the star of beauty, brought not only "Fear, Hatred, Fraud, and Tyranny," but "Death, Decay, Earthquake, and Blight and Madness pale."

When the Red Comet is conquered, when Jupiter is overthrown by Demogorgon, when the prophecy of "Queen Mab" is fulfilled, visible nature will put on perfection again. He declares, in one of the notes to "Queen Mab," that "there is no great extravagance in presuming . . . that there should be a perfect identity between the moral and physical improvement of the human species," and thinks it "certain that wisdom is not compatible with disease, and that, in the present state of the climates of the earth, health in the true and comprehensive sense of the word is out of the reach of civilised man." In "Prometheus Unbound" he sees, as in the ecstasy of a saint, the ships moving among the seas of the world without fear of danger

"by the light  
Of wave reflected flowers, and floating odours,  
And music soft,"

and poison dying out of the green things, and cruelty out of all living things, and even the toads and efts becoming beautiful, and at last Time being borne "to his tomb in eternity."

This beauty, this divine order, whereof all things shall become a part in a kind of resurrection of the body, is already visible to the dead and to souls in ecstasy, for ecstasy is a kind of death. The dying Lionel hears the song of the nightingale, and cries—

"Heardst thou not sweet words among  
That heaven resounding minstrelsy?  
Heardst thou not that those who die  
Awake in a world of ecstasy?  
How love, when limbs are interwoven,  
And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,  
And thought to the world's dim boundaries clinging,  
And music when one's beloved is singing,  
Is death? Let us drain right joyously  
The cup the sweet bird fills for me."



And in the most famous passage in all his poetry he sings of Death as of a mistress. "Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, stains the white radiance of eternity." "Die, if thou wouldst be with that which thou wouldst seek," and he sees his own soon coming death in a rapture of prophecy, for "the fire for which all thirst" beams upon him, "consuming the last clouds of cold mortality." When he is dead he will still influence the living, for though Adonais has fled "to the burning fountains whence he came," and "is a portion of the eternal which must glow through time and change unquenchably the same," and has "awaked from the dream of life," he has not gone from "the young dawn," or the "caverns in the forests," or "the faint flowers and the fountains." He has been "made one with nature," and his voice is "heard in all her music," and his presence is felt wherever "that power may move which has withdrawn his being to its own," and he bears "his part" when it is compelling mortal things to their appointed forms, and he overshadows men's minds at their supreme moments, for

"when lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air."

"Of his speculations as to what will befall this inestimable spirit when we appear to die," Mrs. Shelley has written, "a mystic ideality tinged these speculations in Shelley's mind; certain stanzas in the poems of 'The Sensitive Plant' express, in some degree, the almost inexpressible idea, not that we die into another state, when this state is no longer, from some reason, unapparent as well as apparent, accordant with our being—but that those who rise above the ordinary nature of man, fade from before our imperfect organs; they remain in their 'love, beauty, and delight,' in a world congenial to them, and we, clegged by 'error, ignorance, and strife,' see them not till we are fitted by purification and improvement to their higher state." Not merely happy souls, but all beautiful places and movements and gestures and events, when we think they have ceased to be, have become portions of the eternal.

"In this life  
Of error, ignorance, and strife,  
Where nothing is, but all things seem,  
And we the shadow of a dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant, if you consider it  
To own that death itself must be,  
Like all the rest, a mockery.

This garden sweet, that lady fair,  
And all sweet shapes and odours there,  
In truth have never passed away ;  
'Tis we, 'tis ours are changed, not they.

For love and beauty and delight  
There is no death, no change ; their might  
Exceeds our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure."

He seems in his speculations to have lit on that memory of nature, the visionaries claim for the foundation of their knowledge ; but I do not know whether he thought, as they do, that all things good and evil remain for ever, "thinking the thought and doing the deed," though not, it may be, self-conscious ; or only thought that "love and beauty and delight" remain for ever. The passage where Queen Mab awakes "all knowledge of the past," and the good and evil "events of old and wondrous times" was no more doubtless than a part of the machinery of the poem, but all the machineries of poetry are parts of the convictions of antiquity, and readily become again convictions in minds that dwell upon them in a spirit of intense idealism.

Intellectual Beauty has not only the happy dead to do her will, but ministering spirits who correspond to the Devas of the East, and the elemental spirits of medieval Europe, and the Sidhe of ancient Ireland, and whose too constant presence, and perhaps Shelley's ignorance of their more traditional forms, give some of his poetry an air of rootless phantasy. They change continually in his poetry, as they do in the visions of the mystics everywhere and of the common people in Ireland, and the forms of these changes display, in an especial sense, the glowing forms of his mind when freed from all impulse not out of itself or out of supersensual power. These are "gleams of a remoter world which visit us in sleep," spiritual essences whose shadows are the delights of all the senses, sounds "folded in cells of crystal silence," "visions swift and sweet and quaint," which lie waiting their moment "each in his thin sheath like a chrysalis," "odours" among "ever blooming eden trees," "liquors" that can give "happy sleep," or can make tears "all wonder and delight" ; "The golden

genii who spoke to the poets of Greece in dreams"; "the phantoms" which become the forms of the arts when "the mind, arising bright from the embrace of beauty," "casts on them the gathered rays which are reality"; the "guardians" who move in "the atmosphere of human thought," as "the birds within the wind, or the fish within the wave," or man's thought itself through all things; and who join the throng of the happy hours when Time is passing away—

"As the flying fish leap  
From the Indian deep,  
And mix with the seabirds half asleep."

It is these powers which lead Asia and Panthea, as they would lead all the affections of humanity, by words written upon leaves, by faint songs, by eddies of echoes that draw "all spirits on that secret way," by the "dying odours" of flowers and by "the sunlight of the sphered dew," beyond the gates of birth and death to awake Demogorgon, eternity, that "the painted veil" "called life" may be "torn aside."

There are also ministers of ugliness and all evil, like those that came to Prometheus—

"As from the rose which the pale priestess kneels  
To gather for her festive crown of flowers,  
The ardent crimson falls, flushing her cheek,  
So from our victim's destined agony  
The shade which is our form invests us round;  
Else we are shapeless as our mother's night."

Or like those whose shapes the poet sees in "The Triumph of Life," coming from the procession that follows the car of life, as "hope" changes to "desire," shadows "numerous as the dead leaves blown in autumn evening from a poplar tree"; and resembling those they come from, until, if I understand an obscure phrase aright, they are "wrapt" round "all the busy phantoms that live there as the sun shapes the clouds." Some to sit "chattering like apes," and some like "old anatomies" "hatching their bare broods under the shade of dæmons' wings," laughing "to reassume the delegated powers" they had given to the tyrants of the earth, and some "like small gnats and flies" to throng "about the brow of lawyers, statesmen, priest and theorist," and some "like discoloured shapes of snow" to fall "on fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair," to be "melted by the youthful glow which they extinguish," and many

to "fling shadows of shadows yet unlike themselves," shadows that are shaped into new forms by that "creative ray" in which all move like motes.

These ministers of beauty and ugliness were certainly more than metaphors or picturesque phrases to one who believed the "thoughts which are called real or external objects," differed but in regularity of recurrence from "hallucinations, dreams, and the ideas of madness," and lessened this difference by telling how he had dreamed "three several times, between intervals of two or more years, the same precise dream," and who had seen images with the mind's eye that left his nerves shaken for days together. Shadows that were as when there

"hovers  
A flock of vampire bats before the glare  
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,  
Strange night upon some Indian vale,"

could not but have had more than a metaphorical and picturesque being to one who had spoken in terror with an image of himself, and who had fainted at the apparition of a woman with eyes in her breasts, and who had tried to burn down a wood, if we can trust Mrs. Williams' account, because he believed a devil, who had first tried to kill him, had sought refuge there.

It seems to me, indeed, that Shelley had reawakened in himself the age of faith, though there were times when he would doubt, as even the saints have doubted, and that he was a revolutionist, because he had heard the commandment, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." I have re-read his "Prometheus Unbound" for the first time for many years, in the woods of Drim-da-rod, among the Ech Tge hills, and sometimes I have looked towards Slieve-nan-Orr, where the country people say the last battle of the world shall be fought till the third day, when a priest shall lift a chalice, and the thousand years of peace begin. And I think this mysterious song utters a faith as simple and as ancient as the faith of those country people, in a form suited to a new age, that will understand, with Blake, that the holy spirit is "an intellectual fountain," and that the kinds and degrees of beauty are the images of its authority.

W. B. Yeats.



## YSAYE

(*An Impertinence*)

AT first sight one feels tempted to dub Ysaye Commandant, and to wonder why he is not in safe custody at St. Helena. But when he begins to play, one dreams instead of a mythical isle of St. Cecilia, where perhaps the good monkeys on the hurdy-gurdies go when they die. Saints are well in harmony with Ysaye's music, for it is radiantly angelic, glowing with pure colours such as one sees in sunlit old stained glass. Instinctively one compares it with the brilliant violin devilry of Sarasate, whose music is indeed a little lithe flame of exquisite unholiness, dancing like a will o' the wisp, mocking, tender, and irredeemable; whose tone is delicious honey of sound. Though Ysaye is immeasurably superior to Sarasate in all intellectual and emotional qualities, he never draws quite so sensuous a beauty of sound from the strings as does that seductive fiddler. Indeed, to my *gourmet* ear, his tone tastes just the least bit like a cheesecake; I cannot tell why. Yet nothing can surpass the spiritual beauty of Ysaye's tone, which is like the Japanese flower of the plum—a symbol of the loveliness of the soul. Sarasate quivers with life: Ysaye dreams. As Sarasate's tone is a honeyed flame, so Ysaye's is a penetrating perfume.

For sweetness is his persuasive charm, a sweetness instinct with the most delicate emotion, intense and shy as the scent of violets, tender rather than passionate, and quite overpowered by the imagination. For this musician is as fanciful as a poet: he seems to have forgone something of the direct appeal of music in favour of a more impersonal and suggestive appeal—such as might be evoked by one of Yeats's inexplicable poems. Symbolism I



interpret as a gentlemanly reticence of meaning; otherwise I should say that Ysaye was a symbolist to the tip of his bow. Dim fancies haunt him: he wanders ever in deep forests thick with leaves, never on the bare windy hills. And he loves the twilight of muted strings. His pensiveness must, I think, be in a measure racial. What man of adorable Flanders—possibly with passionate Bruges, that pagan in a monk's cowl, or stately Ypres for his native town—could fail to be poetic, or to feel happier in the dusk of ancient legend than in the glare of modern anecdote? Ysaye clings to romance as the violet or purple jelly-fish to the rock. And he feels the dreamy phase of romance—sentimental, some would say—more than the active phase. Hear him play a definitely passionate piece, and you will find out this. I learned it when he played a transcription of Walter's "Preislied"; his reading of it was so wholly visionary. He tolerates love, but, as for war—he will have none of it! Consequently, his influence on his hearers is elevating and soothing. Yet those of us who entirely admire Mottl and have a weakness for Sarasate could wish him a thought more of ardour, a breath of desire. For when vigour is imperative, and he really has to wake up, though he puts fine force into his playing, he does it from a sense of duty and of art, not because he feels impelled towards violence. In consequence, his purely exotic vigour does not carry such conviction to our nerves as vigour should carry. The instinct to attack is a most important element in the artistic temperament, and, unfortunately, that instinct seems gradually to evaporate from the highly trained consciousness, which grows as gentle as the lions at the Hippodrome. I have often shuddered at the lack of inwardness displayed in *forte* passages by musicians, charming in style and quite intricate in perfection of finish. Scarcely anyone has fathomed the tenderness of violence rightly handled. This knowledge is hidden from all but a few rare souls—among them I would cite Paderewski—from whom culture can never quite eradicate the savage.

Ysaye's gentleness is the less deplorable because he is a violinist. When we reflect that a loud, excited violin compares somewhat unfavourably with an angry cat, we realise that the violin is framed for love rather than for war, and, softly, we express our delight in the tone of the muted strings, and in that quint-

essence of spirituality which Ysaye has surely distilled from sound. Sometimes his tone seems pure spirit, hardly sound at all. It is indeed strange that the warm, live tone of the violin, so vibrant with electric emotion, should be so infinitely more spiritual than is the cool fascination of the piano. The piano is in truth a siren who allures and withdraws, without feeling the passion she awakes : the violin is a lover. See how utterly dependent on the piano he is : a violin solo without an accompaniment is like a lost lamb ! Whereas the piano is perfectly independent of the violin, splendidly self-sustaining. The violin has been hailed the King of instruments : I should call it rather the Prince-Consort.

The suave music of Ysaye helped me to reach this decision. For he brings out the winning sweetness and softness of the violin more, I think, than any player I have ever heard before ;— in Sarasate's consummate fiddling there is too much coquettish caprice. I have no doubt that Ysaye has divined the violin's true character as subtly as Paderewski has read the piano-sphinx. I should much like to hear those two masters play together some madly modern sonata. I could imagine that then the piano and violin might be fitly symbolised by that freakish Derby winner Diamond Jubilee and his pet jockey, the only rider he will tolerate. This parallel may, I hope will, shock you by its manifest unseemliness ; but I think it is quite worth drawing in connection with the violin and pianoforte under their most attractive conditions. For surely daring simile cannot fail to be less dull than is the indiscriminate platitude of which most criticism is composed. And is not dulness, after all, the unpardonable sin ?

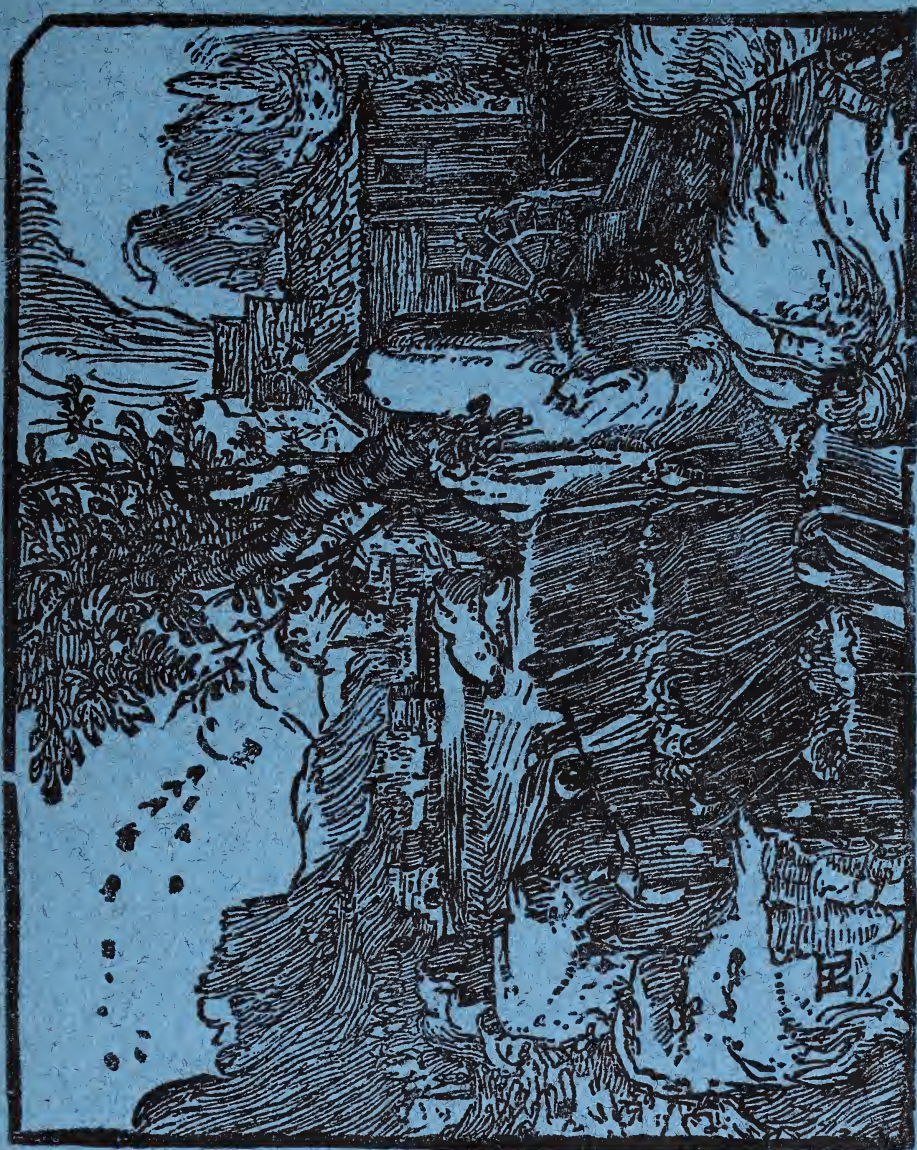
Israfel.

# HERMANN GOLTZIUS

1. "A MILL"
2. "A COAST SCENE"



















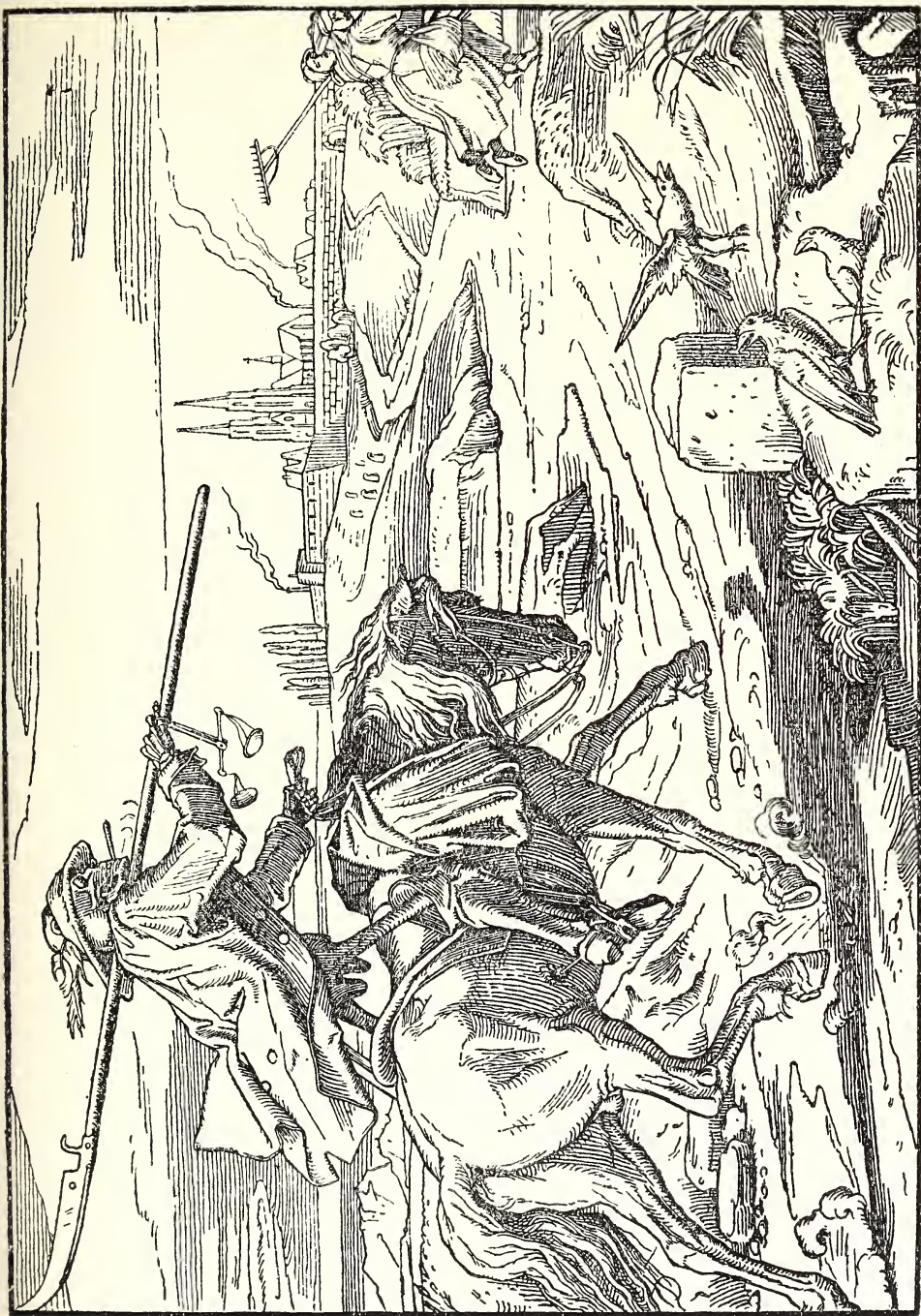
## ALFRED RETHEL

### "A DANCE OF DEATH"

(*Nos. 2, 5, and 6 on a Broadsheet entitled "EIN TODTENTANZ  
AUS DEM JAHRE 1848; erfunden und gezeichnet von ALFRED  
RETHEL. Mit erklärendem Texte von R. Reinick." Engraved  
by GABER.*

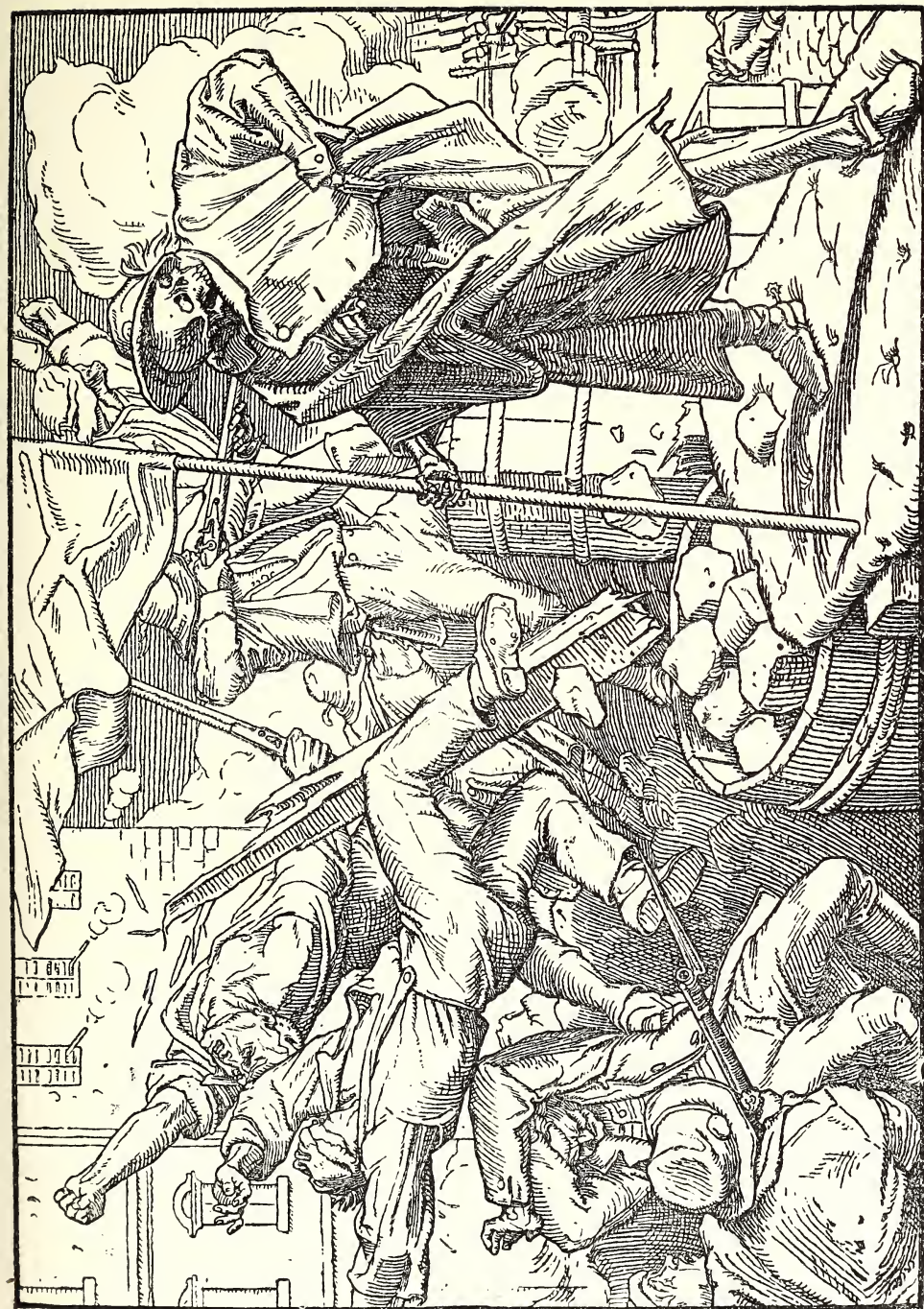






















# THE ACCURSED CORDONNIER

## I

"Poor Chrymelus, I remember, arose from the diversion of a card-table, and dropped into the dwellings of darkness."—HERVEY.

It must be confessed that Amos Rose was considerably out of his element in the smoking-room off Portland Place. All the hour he remained there he was conscious of a vague rising nausea, due not in the least to the visible atmosphere—to which, indeed, he himself contributed languorously from a crackling spilliken of South American tobacco rolled in a maize leaf and strongly tintured with opium—but to the almost brutal post-prandial facundity of its occupants.

Rose was patently a degenerate. Nature, in scheduling his characteristics, had pruned all superlatives. The rude armour of the flesh, under which the spiritual, like a hide-bound chrysalis, should develop secret and self-contained, was perished in his case, as it were, to a semi-opaque suit, through which his soul gazed dimly and fearfully on its monstrous arbitrary surroundings. Not the mantle of the poet, philosopher, or artist fallen upon such, can still its shiverings, or give the comfort that Nature denies.

Yet he was a little bit of each—poet, philosopher, and artist ; a nerveless and self-deprecatory stalker of ideals, in the pursuit of which he would wear patent leather shoes and all the apologetic graces. The grandson of a "three-bottle" J.P., who had upheld the dignity of the State constitution while abusing his own in the

best spirit of squirearchy ; the son of a petulant dyspeptic, who alternated seizures of long moroseness with fits of abject moral helplessness, Amos found his inheritance in the reversion of a dissipated constitution, and an imagination as sensitive as an exposed nerve. Before he was thirty he was a neurasthenic so practised as to have learned a sense of luxury in the very consciousness of his own suffering. It was a negative evolution from the instinct of self-protection—self-protection, as designed in this case, against the attacks of the unspeakable. Another evolution, only less negative, was of a certain desperate pugnacity, that derived from a sense of the inhuman injustice conveyed in the fact that temperamental debility not only debarred him from that bold and healthy expression of self that it was his nature to wish, but made him actually appear to act in contradiction to his own really sweet and sound predilections.

So he sat (in the present instance, listening and revolting) in a travesty of resignation between the stools of submission and defiance.

The neurotic youth of to-day renews no ante-existent type. You will look in vain for a face like Amos's amongst the busts of the recovered past. The same weakness of outline you may point to—the sheep-like features falling to a blunt prow ; the lax jaw and pinched temples ;—but not to that which expresses a consciousness that combative effort in a world of fruitless results is a lost desire.

Superficially, the figure in the smoking-room was that of a long weedy young man—hairless as to his face ; scalped with a fine lank fleece of neutral tint ; pale-eyed, and slave to a bored and languid expression, over which he had little control, though it frequently misrepresented his mood. He was dressed scrupulously, though not obtrusively, in the mode, and was smoking a pungent cigarette with an air that seemed balanced between a genuine effort at self-abstraction and a fear of giving offence by a too pronounced show of it. In this state, flying bubbles of conversation broke upon him as he sat a little apart and alone.

“ Johnny, here's Callander preaching a divine egotism.”

“ Is he ? Tell him to beg a lock of the Henbery's hair. Ain't she the dog that bit him ? ”

“ Once bit, twice shy.”

"Rot!—In the case of a woman? I'm covered with their scars."

"What," thought Rose, "induced me to accept an invitation to this person's house?"

"A divine egotism, eh? It jumps with the dear Sarah's humour. The beggar is an imitative beggar."

"Let the beggar speak for himself. He's in earnest. Haven't we been bred on the principle of self-sacrifice, till we've come to think a man's self is his uncleanest possession?"

"There's no thinking about it. We've long been alarmed on your account, I can assure you."

"Oh! I'm no saint."

"Not you. *Your* ecstasies are all of the flesh."

"Don't be gross. I—"

"Oh! take a whiskey and seltzer."

"If I could escape without exciting observation," thought Rose.

Lady Sarah Henbery was his hostess, and the inspired projector of a new scheme of existence (that was, in effect, the repudiation of any scheme) that had become quite the "thing." She had found life an arbitrary design—a coil of days (like fancy pebbles, dull or sparkling) set in the form of a mainspring, and each gem responsible to the design. Then she had said, To-day shall not follow yesterday or precede to-morrow; and she had taken her pebbles from their setting and mixed them higgledy-piggledy, and so was in the way to wear or spend one or the other as caprice moved her. And she became without design and responsibility, and was thus able to indulge a natural bent towards capriciousness to the extent that—having a face for each and every form of social hypocrisy and licence—she was presently hardly to be put out of countenance by the extremest expression of either.

It followed that her réunions were popular with worldlings of a certain order.

By and by Amos saw his opportunity, and slipped out into a cold and foggy night.



## II

"De savoir votr' grand âge,  
Nous serions curieux ;  
A voir votre visage,  
Vous paraissez fort vieux ;  
Vous avez bien cent ans,  
Vous montrez bien autant ?"

A stranger, tall, closely wrapped and buttoned to the chin, had issued from the house at the same moment, and now followed in Rose's footsteps as he hurried away over the frozen pavement.

Suddenly this individual overtook and accosted him.

"Pardon," he said. "This fog baffles. We have been fellow-guests, it seems. You are walking? May I be your companion? You look a little lost, yourself."

He spoke in a rather high mellow voice—too frank for irony.

At another time Rose might have met such a request with some slightly agitated temporizing. Now, fevered with disgust of his late company, the astringency of nerve that came to him at odd moments, in the exaltation of which he felt himself ordinarily manly and human, braced him to an attitude at once modest and collected.

"I shall be quite happy," he said. "Only, don't blame me if you find you are entertaining a fool unawares."

"You were out of your element, and are piqued. I saw you there, but wasn't introduced."

"The loss is mine. I didn't observe you—yes, I did!"

He shot the last words out hurriedly—as they came within the radiance of a street lamp—and his pace lessened a moment with a little bewildered jerk.

He had noticed this person, indeed—his presence and his manner. They had arrested his languid review of the frivolous forces about him. He had seen a figure, strange and lofty, pass from group to group; exchange with one a word or two, with another a grave smile; move on and listen; move on and speak; always stately restless; never anything but an incongruous apparition in a company of which every individual was eager to assert and expound the doctrines of self.

This man had been of curious expression, too—so curious that

Amos remembered to have marvelled at the little comment his presence seemed to excite. His face was absolutely hairless—as, to all evidence, was his head, upon which he wore a brown silk handkerchief loosely rolled and knotted. The features were presumably of a Jewish type—though their entire lack of accent in the form of beard or eyebrow made identification difficult—and were minutely covered, like delicate cracklin, with a network of flattened wrinkles. Ludicrous though the description, the lofty individuality of the man so surmounted all disadvantages of appearance as to overawe frivolous criticism. Partly, also, the full transparent olive of his complexion, and the pools of purple shadow in which his eyes seemed to swim like blots of resin, neutralized the superficial barrenness of his face. Forcibly, he impelled the conviction that here was one who ruled his own being arbitrarily through entire fearlessness of death.

“You saw me?” he said, noticing with a smile his companion’s involuntary hesitation. “Then let us consider the introduction made, without further words. We will even expand to the familiarity of old acquaintanceship, if you like to fall in with the momentary humour.”

“I can see,” said Rose, “that years are nothing to you.”

“No more than this gold piece, which I fling into the night. They are made and lost and made again.”

“You have knowledge and the gift of tongues.”

The young man spoke bewildered, but with a strange warm feeling of confidence flushing up through his habitual reserve. He had no thought why; nor did he choose his words or enquire of himself their source of inspiration.

“I have these,” said the stranger. “The first is my excuse for addressing you.”

“You are going to ask me something.”

“What attraction—”

“Drew me to Lady Sarah’s house? I am young; rich; presumably a desirable *parti*. Also, I am neurotic, and without the nerve to resist.”

“Yet you knew your taste would take alarm—as it did.”

“I have an acute sense of delicacy. Naturally I am prejudiced in favour of virtue.”

“Then—excuse me—why put yours to a demoralizing test?”

"I am not my own master. Any formless apprehension—any shadowy fear enslaves my will. I go to many places from the simple dread of being called upon to explain my reasons for refusing. For the same cause I may appear to acquiesce in indecencies my soul abhors; to give countenance to opinions innately distasteful to me. I am a quite colourless personality."

"Without force or object in life?"

"Life, I think, I live for its isolated moments—the first half-dozen pulls at a cigarette, for instance, after a generous meal."

"You take the view, then—"

"Pardon me. I take no views. I am not strong enough to take anything—not even myself—seriously."

"Yet you know that the trail of such volitional ineptitude reaches backwards under and beyond the closed door you once issued from?"

"Do I? I know at least that the ineptitude intensifies with every step of constitutional decadence. It may be that I am wearing down to the nerve of life. How shall I find that? diseased? Then it is no happiness to me to think it imperishable."

"Young man, do you believe in a creative divinity?"

"Yes."

"And believe without resentment?"

"I think God hands over to His apprentices the moulding of vessels that don't interest Him."

The stranger twitched himself erect.

"I beg you not to be profane," he said.

"I am not," said Rose. "I don't know why I confide in you; or what concern I have to know. I can only say my instincts, through bewildering mental suffering, remain religious. You take me out of myself and judge me unfairly on the result."

"Stay. You argue that a perishing of the bodily veil reveals the soul. Then the outlook of the latter should be the cleaner."

"It gazes through a blind of corruption. It was never designed to stand naked in the world's market-places."

"And whose the fault that it does?"

"I don't know. I only feel that I am utterly lonely and helpless."

The stranger laughed scornfully.

"You can feel no sympathy with my state?" said Rose.

"Not a grain. To be conscious of a soul, yet to remain a craven under the temporal tyranny of the flesh; fearful of revolting, though the least imaginative flight of the spirit carries it at once beyond any bodily influence! Oh, sir! Fortune favours the brave."

"She favours the fortunate," said the young man, with a melancholy smile. "Like a banker, she charges a commission on small accounts. At trifling deposits she turns up her nose. If you would escape her tax, you must keep a fine large balance at her house."

"I dislike parables," said the stranger drily.

"Then, here is a fact in illustration. I have an acquaintance, an impoverished author, who anchored his ark of hope on Mount Olympus twenty years ago. During all that time he has never ceased to send forth his doves; only to have them return empty-beaked with persistent regularity. Three days ago the olive branch—a mere sprouting twig—came home. For the first time a magazine—an indifferent one—accepted a story of his and offered him a pound for it. He acquiesced; and the same night was returned to him from an important American firm an under-stamped MS., on which he had to pay excess postage, half a crown. That was Fortune's commission."

"Bully the jade, and she will love you."

"Your wisdom has not learned to confute that barbarism?"

The stranger glanced at his companion with some expression of dislike.

"The sex figures in your ideals, I see," said he. "Believe my long experience that its mere animal fools constitute its only excuse for existing—though" (he added under his breath) "even they annoy one by their monogamous prejudices."

"I won't hear that with patience," said Rose. "Each sex in its degree. Each is wearifully peevish over the hateful rivalry between mind and matter; but the male only has the advantage of distractions."

"This," said the stranger, softly as if to himself, "is the woeful proof, indeed, of decadence. Man waives his prerogative of lordship over the irreclaimable savagery of earth. He has warmed his temperate house of clay to be a hot-house to



his imagination, till the very walls are frail and eaten with fever."

"Christ spoke of no spiritual division between the sexes."

There followed a brief silence. Preoccupied, the two moved slowly through the fog that was dashed ever and anon with cloudy blooms of lamplight.

"I wish to ask you," said the stranger at length; "in what has the teaching of Christ proved otherwise than so impotent to reform mankind, as to make one sceptical as to the divinity of the teacher?"

"Why, what is your age?" asked Rose in a tone of surprise.

"I am a hundred to-night."

The astounded young man jumped in his walk.

"A hundred!" he exclaimed. "And you cannot answer that question yourself?"

"I asked you to answer it. But never mind. I see faith in you like a garden of everlastings—as it should be—as of course it should be. Yet disbelievers point to inconsistencies. There was a reviling Jew, for instance, to whom Christ is reported to have shown resentment quite incompatible with His teaching."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Cartaphilus; who was said to be condemned to perpetual wandering."

"A legend," cried Amos scornfully. "Bracket it with Nero's fiddling and the hymning of Memnon."

A second silence fell. They seemed to move in a dead and stagnant world. Presently said the stranger suddenly:

"I am quite lost; and so, I suppose, are you?"

"I haven't an idea where we are."

"It is two o'clock. There isn't a soul or a mark to guide us. We had best part, and each seek his own way."

He stopped and held out his hand.

"Two pieces of advice I should like to give you before we separate. Fall in love and take plenty of exercise."

"Must we part?" said Amos. "Frankly, I don't think I like you. That sounds strange and discourteous after my ingenuous confidences. But you exhale an odd atmosphere of witchery; and your scorn braces me like a tonic. The pupils of your eyes, when I got a glimpse of them, looked like the heads of little

black devils peeping out of windows. But you can't touch my soul on the raw when my nerves are quiescent; and then I would strike any man that called me coward."

The stranger uttered a quick chirping laugh, like the sound of a stone on ice.

"What do you propose?" he said.

"I have an idea you are not so lost as you pretend. If we are anywhere near shelter that you know, take me in and I will be a good listener. It is one of my negative virtues."

"I don't know that any addition to my last good counsel would not be an anti-climax."

He stood musing and rubbing his hairless chin.

"Exercise—certainly. It is the golden demephitizer of the mind. I am seldom off my feet."

"You walk much—and alone?"

"Not always alone. Periodically I am accompanied by one or another. At this time I have a companion who has tramped with me for some nine months."

Again he pondered apart. The darkness and the fog hid his face, but he spoke his thoughts aloud.

"What matter if it does come about? To-morrow I have the world—the mother of many daughters. And to redeem this soul—a dog of a Christian—a friend at Court!"

He turned quickly to the young man.

"Come!" he said. "It shall be as you wish."

"Do you know where we are?"

"We are at the entrance to Wardour Street."

He gave a gesture of impatience, whipped a hand at his companion's sleeve, and once more they trod down the icy echoes, going onwards.

The narrow lane reverberated to their footsteps; the drooping fog swayed sluggishly; the dead blank windows and high-shouldered doors frowned in stubborn progression and vanished behind them.

The stranger stopped in a moment where a screen of iron bars protected a shop front. From behind them shot leaden glints from old clasped book-covers, hanging tongues of Toledo steel, croziers rich in nielli—innumerable and antique curios gathered from the lumber-rooms of history.

A door to one side he opened with a latch-key. A pillar of light, seeming to smoke as the fog obscured it, was formed of the aperture.

Obedying a gesture, Rose set foot on the threshold. As he was entering, he found himself unable to forbear a thrill of effrontery.

"Tell me," said he. "It was not only to point a moral that you flung away that coin?"

The stranger, going before, grinned back sourly over his shoulder.

"Not only," he said. "It was a bad one."

### III

. . . "La Belle Dame sans merci  
Hath thee in thrall!"

All down the dimly luminous passage that led from the door straight into the heart of the building, Amos was aware, as he followed his companion over the densely piled carpet, of the floating sweet scent of amber-seed. Still his own latter exaltation of nerve burned with a steady radiance. He seemed to himself bewitched—translated; a consciousness apart from yesterday; its material fibres responsive to the least or utmost shock of adventure. As he trod in the other's footsteps, he marvelled that so lavish a display of force, so elastic a gait, could be in a centenarian.

"Are you ever tired?" he whispered curiously.

"Never. Sometimes I long for weariness as other men desire rest."

As the stranger spoke, he pulled aside a curtain of stately black velvet, and softly opening a door in a recess, beckoned the young man into the room beyond.

He saw a chamber, broad and low, designed, in its every rich stain of picture and slumberous hanging, to appeal to the sensuous. And here the scent was thick and motionless. Costly marqueterie; Palissy candlesticks reflected in half-concealed mirrors framed in embossed silver; antique Nankin vases brimming with pot-pourri; in one corner a suit of Milanese armour, fluted, damasquinée, by

Felippo Negroli; in another a tripod table of porphyry, spectrally repeating in its polished surface the opal hues of a vessel of old Venetian glass half-filled with some topaz-coloured liqueur;—such, and many more tokens of a luxurious aestheticism, wrought in the observer an immediate sense of pleasurable enervation. He noticed, with a swaying thrill of delight, that his feet were on a padded rug of Astrakhan—one of many disposed eccentrically about the yellow tessellated-marble floor; and he noticed that the sole light in the chamber came from an iridescent globed lamp, fed with some fragrant oil, that hung near an alcove traversed by a veil of dark violet silk.

The door behind him swung gently to: his eyes half closed in a dreamy surrender of will: the voice of the stranger speaking to him sounded far away as the cry of some lost unhappiness.

“Welcome!” it said only.

Amos broke through his trance with a cry.

“What does it mean—all this? We step out of the fog, and here—I think it is the guest-parlour of Hell!”

“You flatter me,” said the stranger, smiling. “Its rarest antiquity goes no further back, I think, than the eighth century. The skeleton of the place is Jacobite and comparatively modern.”

“But, you—the shop!”

“Contains a little of the fruit of my wanderings.”

“You are a dealer?”

“A casual collector, only. If through a representative I work my accumulations of costly lumber to a profit—say thousands per cent.—it is only because utility is the first principle of Art. As to myself, here I but pitch my tent—periodically, and at long intervals.”

“An unsupervised agent must find it a lucrative post.”

“Come—there shows a little knowledge of human nature. For the first time I applaud you. But the appointment is conditional on many things. At the moment the berth is vacant. Would you like it?”

“My (paradoxically) Christian name was bestowed in compliment to a godfather, sir. I am no Jew. I have already enough to know the curse of having more.”

“I have no idea how you are called. I spoke jestingly, of course; but your answer quenches the flicker of respect I felt for



you. As a matter of fact, the other's successor is not only nominated, but is actually present in this room."

"Indeed? You propose to fill the post yourself?"

"Not by any means. The mere suggestion is an insult to one who can trace his descent backwards at least two thousand years."

"Yes, indeed. I meant no disparagement; but—"

"I tell you, sir," interrupted the stranger irritably: "my visits are periodic. I could not live in a town. I could not settle anywhere. I must always be moving. A prolonged constitutional—that is my theory of health."

"You are always on your feet—at your age—"

"I am a hundred to-night. But—mark you—I *have eaten of the Tree of Life.*"

As the stranger uttered these words, he seized Rose by the wrist in a soft, firm grasp. His captive, staring at him amazed, gave out a little involuntary shriek.

"Hadn't I better leave? There is something—nameless—I don't know; but I should never have come in here. Let me go!"

The other, heedless, half pulled the troubled and bewildered young man across the room, and drew him to within a foot of the curtain closing the alcove.

"Here," he said quietly, "is my fellow-traveller of the last nine months, fast, I believe, in sleep—unless your jarring outcry has broken it."

Rose struggled feebly.

"Not anything shameful," he whimpered;—"I have a dread of your manifestations."

For answer, the other put out a hand, and swiftly and silently withdrew the curtain. A deepish recess was revealed, into which the soft glow of the lamp penetrated like moonlight. It fell in the first instance upon a couch littered with pale uncertain shadows, and upon a crucifix that hung upon the wall within.

In the throb of his emotions, it was something a relief to Amos to see his companion, releasing his hold of him, clasp his hands and bow his head reverently to this pathetic symbol. The cross on which the Christ hung was of ebony a foot high; the

figure itself was chryselephantine and purely exquisite as a work of art.

"It is early seventeenth century," said the stranger suddenly, after a moment of devout silence, seeing the other's eyes absorbed in contemplation. "It is by Duquesnoy." (Then, behind the back of his hand) "The rogue couldn't forget his bacchanals even here."

"It is a Christ of infidels," said Amos, with repugnance. He was adding involuntarily (his *savoir faire* seemed suddenly to have deserted him)—"But fit for an unbelieving—" when his host took him up with fury:—

"Dog of a Gentile!—if you dare to call me Jew!"

The dismayed start of the young man at this outburst blinded him to its paradoxical absurdity. He fell back with his heart thumping. The eyes of the stranger flickered; but in an instant he had recovered his urbanity.

"Look!" he whispered impatiently. "The Calvary is not alone in the alcove."

Mechanically Rose's glance shifted to the couch; and in that moment shame and apprehension and the sickness of being were precipitated in him as in golden flakes of rapture.

Something, that in the instant of revelation had seemed part only of the soft tinted shadows, resolved itself into a presentment of loveliness so pure, and so pathetic in its innocent self-surrender to the passionate tyranny of his gaze, that the manhood in him was abashed in the very flood of its exaltation. He put a hand to his face before he looked a second time, to discipline his dazzled eyes. They were turned only upon his soul, and found it a reflected glory. Had the vision passed? His eyes, in a panic, leaped for it once more.

Yes, it was there — dreaming upon its silken pillow; a grotesque carved dragon in ivory looking down, from a corner of the fluted couch, upon its supernal beauty,—a face that, at a glance, could fill the vague desire of a suffering lonely heart—spirit informing matter with all the flush and essence of some flower of the lost garden of Eden.

And this expressed in the form of one simple slumbering girl; in its stately sweet curves of cheek and mouth and throat; in its drifted heap of hair bronze as copper-beech leaves in Spring; in

the very pulsing of its half-hidden bosom, and in its happy morning lips, like Psyche's, night-parted by Love and so remaining entranced.

A long light robe, sulphur-coloured, clung to the sleeper from low throat to ankle; bands of narrow nolana-blue ribbon crossed her breast and were brought together in a loose cincture about her waist; her white smooth feet were sandalled; one arm was curved beneath her lustrous head; the other lay relaxed and drooping. Chrysoberyls, the sea-virgins of stones, sparkled in her hair and lay in the bosom of her gown like dewdrops in an evening primrose.

The gazer turned with a deep sigh, and then a sputter of fury:—

"Why do you show me this? You cruel beast, was not my life barren enough before?"

"Can it ever be so henceforward? Look again."

"Does the devil enter? Something roars in me! Have you no fear that I shall kill you?"

"None. I cannot die."

Amos broke into a mocking fierce laugh. Then, his blood shooting in his veins, he seized the sleeper roughly by her hand.

"Wake," he cried, "and end it!"

With a sigh she lifted her head. Drowsiness and startled wonderment struggled in her eyes; but in a moment they caught the vision of the stranger standing aside, and smiled and softened. She held out her long white arms to him.

"You have come, dear love," she said, in a happy, low voice; "and I was not awake to greet you."

Rose fell on his knees.

"O God in Heaven!" he cried, "bear witness that this is monstrous and unnatural! Let me die rather than see it."

The stranger moved forward.

"Do honour, Adnah, to this our guest; and minister to him of thy pleasure."

The white arms dropped. The girl's face was turned, and her eyes, solemn and witch-like, looked into Amos's. He saw them, their irises golden-brown shot with little spars of blue; and the soul in his own seemed to rush towards them and to recoil, baffled and sobbing.

Could she have understood? He thought he saw a faint smile, a gentle shake of the head, as she slid from the couch and her sandals tapped on the marble floor.

She stooped and took him by the hand.

"Rise, I pray you," she said, "and I will be your handmaiden."

She led him unresisting to a chair, and bade him sweetly to be seated. She took from him his hat and overcoat, and brought him rare wine in a cup of crystal.

"My lord will drink," she murmured, "and forget all but the night and Adnah."

"You I can never forget," said the young man, in a broken voice.

As he drank, half choking, the girl turned to the other, who still stood apart, silent and watchful.

"Was this wise?" she breathed. "To summon a witness on this night of all—was this wise, beloved?"

Amos dashed the cup on the floor. The red liquid stained the marble like blood.

"No, no!" he shrieked, springing to his feet. "Not that! it cannot be!"

In an ecstasy of passion he flung his arms about the girl, and crushed all her warm loveliness against his breast. She remained quite passive—unstartled even. Only she turned her head and whispered: "Is this thy will?"

Amos fell back, drooping, as if he had received a blow.

"Be merciful and kill me," he muttered. "I—even I can feel at last the nobility of death."

Then the voice of the stranger broke, lofty and passionless.

"Tell him what you see in me."

She answered, low and without pause, like one repeating a cherished lesson:—

"I see—I have seen it for the nine months I have wandered with you—the supreme triumph of the living will. I see that this triumph, of its very essence, could not be unless you had surmounted the tyranny of any, the least, gross desire. I see that it is incompatible with sin; with offence given to oneself or others; that passion cannot live in its serene atmosphere; that it illustrates the enchantment of the flesh by the intellect; that it is happiness for evermore redeemed."



"How do you feel this?"

"I see it reflected in myself—I, the poor visionary you took from the Northern Island. Week by week I have known it sweetening and refining in my nature. None can taste the bliss of happiness that has not you for master—none can teach it save you, whose composure is unshadowed by any terror of death."

"And love that is passion, Adnah?"

"I hear it spoken as in a dream. It is a wicked whisper from far away. You, the lord of time and of tongues, I worship—you, only you, who are my God."

"Hush! But the man of Nazareth?"

"Ah! His name is an echo. What divine egotism taught He?"

Where lately had Amos heard this phrase? His memory of all things real seemed suspended.

"He was a man, and He died," said Adnah simply.

The stranger threw back his head, with an odd expression of triumph; and almost in the same moment abased it to the crucifix on the wall.

Amos stood breathing quickly, his ears drinking in every accent of the low musical voice. Now, as she paused, he moved forward a hurried step, and addressed himself to the shadowy figure by the couch:—

"Who are you, in the name of the Christ you mock and adore in a breath, that has wrought this miracle of high worship in a breathing woman?"

"I am he that has eaten of the Tree of Life."

"Oh, forego your fables! I am not a child."

"It could not of its nature perish" (the voice went on evenly, ignoring the interruption). "It breathes its immortal fragrance in no transplanted garden, invisible to sinful eyes, as some suppose. When the curse fell, the angel of the flaming sword bore it to the central desert; and the garden withered, for its soul was withdrawn. Now, in the heart of the waste place that is called Tiah-Bani-Israil, it waits in its loveliness the coming of the Son of God."

"He has come and passed."

It might have been an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders

that twitched the tall figure by the couch. If so, it converted the gesture into a bow of reverence.

"Is He not to be revealed again in His glory? But there, set as in the crater of a mountain of sand, and inaccessible to mortal footstep, stands unperishing the glory of the earth. And its fragrance is drawn up to Heaven, as through a wide chimney; and from its branches hangs the undying fruit, lustrous and opalescent; and in each shining globe the world and its starry system are reflected in miniature, moving westwards; but at night they glow, a cluster of tender moons."

"And whence came *your* power to scale that which is inaccessible?"

"From Death, that, still denying me immortality, is unable to encompass my destruction."

The young man burst into a harsh and grating laugh.

"Here is some inconsistency!" he cried. "By your own showing you were not immortal till you ate of the fruit!"

Could it be that this simple deductive snip cut the thread of coherence? A scowl appeared to contract the lofty brow for an instant. The next, a gay chirrup intervened, like a little spark struck from the cloud.

"The pounding logic of the steam-engine!" cried the stranger, coming forward at last with an open smile. "But we pace in an altitude refined above sensuous comprehension. Perhaps before long you will see and believe. In the meantime let us be men and women enjoying the warm gifts of Fortune!"

#### IV

"Nous pensions comme un songe  
Le récit de vos maux;  
Nous traitions de mensonge  
Tous vos plus grands travaux!"

In that one night of an unreality that seemed either an enchanted dream or a wilfully fantastic travesty of conventions, Amos alternated between fits of delirious self-surrender and a rage of resignation, from which now and again he would awake to flourish an angry little bodkin of irony.

Now, at this stage, it appeared a matter for passive acquiescence that he should be one of a trio seated at a bronze table, that might have been recovered from Herculaneum, playing three-handed cribbage with a pack of fifteenth-century cards—limned, perhaps, by some Francesco Bachiacca—and an ivory board inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl. To one side a smaller “occasional” table held the wine, to which the young man resorted at the least invitation from Adnah.

In this connexion (of cards), it would fitfully perturb him to find that he who had renounced sin with mortality, had not only a proneness to avail himself of every oversight on the part of his adversaries, but frequently to peg-up more holes than his hand entitled him to. Moreover, at such times, when the culprit’s attention was drawn to this by his guest—at first gently; later, with a little scorn—he justified his action on the assumption that it was an essential interest of all games to attempt abuse of the confidence of one’s antagonist, whose skill in checkmating any movement of this nature was in right ratio with his capacity as a player; and finally he rose, the sole winner of a sum respectable enough to allow him some ingenuous expression of satisfaction.

Thereafter conversation ensued; and it must be remarked that nothing was further from Rose’s mind than to apologize for his long intrusion and make a decent exit. Indeed, there seemed some thrill of vague expectation in the air, to the realization of which his presence sought to contribute; and already—so rapidly grows the assurance of love—his heart claimed some protective right over the pure beautiful creature at his feet.

For there, at a gesture from the other, had Adnah seated herself, leaning her elbow, quite innocently and simply, on the young man’s knee.

The sweet strong Moldavian wine buzzed in his head; love and sorrow and intense yearning went with flow and shock through his veins. At one moment elated by the thought that, whatever his understanding of the ethical sympathy existing between these two, their connexion was, by their own acknowledgment, platonic; at another, cruelly conscious of the icy crevasse that must gape between so perfectly proportioned an organism and his own atrabilarious personality, he dreaded to avail himself of a situation that was at once an invitation and a trust; and

ended by subsiding, with characteristic lameness, into mere conversational commonplace.

"You must have got over a great deal of ground," said he to his host, "on that constitutional hobby-horse of yours?"

"A great deal of ground."

"In all weathers?"

"In all weathers; at all times; in every country."

"How do you manage—pardon my inquisitiveness—the little necessities of dress and boots and such things?"

"Adnah," said the stranger; "go fetch my walking suit, and show it to our guest."

The girl rose, went silently from the room, and returned in a moment with a single garment, which she laid in Rose's hands.

He examined it curiously. It was a marvel of sartorial tact and ingenuity; so fashioned that it would have appeared scarcely a solecism on taste in any age. Built in one piece to resemble many, and of the most particularly chosen material, it was contrived and ventilated for any exigencies of weather and of climate, and could be doffed or assumed at the shortest notice. About it were cunningly distributed a number of strong pockets or purses for the reception of divers articles, from a comb to a sandwich box; and the position of these was so calculated as not to interfere with the symmetry of the whole.

"It is indeed an excellent piece of work," said Amos, with considerable appreciation; for he held no contempt for the art which sometimes alone seemed to justify his right of existence.

"Your praise is deserved," said the stranger, smiling; "seeing that it was contrived for me by one whose portrait, by Giambattista Moroni, now hangs in your National Gallery."

"I have heard of it, I think. Is the fellow still in business?"

"The tailor or the artist? The first died bankrupt in prison,—about the year 1560, it must have been. It was fortunate for me, inasmuch as I acquired the garment for nothing, the man disappearing before I had settled his claim."

Rose's jaw dropped. He looked at the beautiful face reclining against him. It expressed no doubt, no surprise, no least sense of the ludicrous.

"O my God!" he muttered, and ploughed his forehead with his hands. Then he looked up again with a pallid grin.



"I see," he said. "You play upon my fancied credulity. And how did the garment serve you in the central desert?"

"I had it not then, by many centuries. No garment would avail against the wicked Samiel—the poisonous wind that is the breath of the eternal dead sand. Who faces that feels, pace by pace, his body wither and stiffen. His clothes crackle like paper, and so fall to fragments. From his eyeballs the moist vision flakes and flies in powder. His tongue shrinks into his throat, as though fire had writhed and consumed it to a little scarlet spur. His furrowed skin peels like the cerements of an ancient mummy. He falls, breaking in his fall;—there is a puff of acrid dust, dissipated in a moment—and he is gone."

"And this you met unscathed?"

"Yes; for it was preordained that Death should hunt, but never overtake me—that I might testify to the truth of the first Scriptures."

Even as he spoke, Rose sprang to his feet with a gesture of uncontrollable repulsion; and in the same instant was aware of a horrible change that was taking place in the features of the man before him.

## V

"Trahentibus autem Judaeis Jesum extra praetorium cum venisset ad ostium, Cartaphilus praetorii ostiarius et Pontii Pilati, cum per ostium exiret Jesus, pepulit Eum pugno contemptibiliter post tergum, et irridens dixit, 'Vade, Jesu citius, vade, quid moraris?' Et Jesus severo vultu et oculo respiciens in eum, dixit: 'Ego vado, et expectabis donec veniam!' Itaque juxta verbum Domini expectat adhuc Cartaphilus ille, qui tempore Dominicae passionis—erat quasi triginta annorum, et semper cum usque ad centum attigerit aetatem redeuntium annorum redit redivivus ad illum aetatis statum, quo fuit anno quand passus est Dominus."—MATTHEW OF PARIS, "HISTORIA MAJOR."

The girl—from whose cheek Rose, in his rough rising, had seemed to brush the bloom, so keenly had its colour deepened—sank from the stool upon her knees, her hands pressed to her bosom, her lungs working quickly under the pressure of some powerful excitement.

"It comes, beloved!" she said, in a voice half terror, half ecstasy.

"It comes, Adnah," the stranger echoed, struggling—"this

periodic self-renewal—this sloughing of the veil of flesh that I warned you of.”

His soul seemed to pant grey from his lips; his face was bloodless and like stone; the devils in his eyes were awake and busy as maggots in a wound. Amos knew him now for wickedness personified and immortal; and fell upon his knees beside the girl and seized one of her hands in both his.

“Look!” he shrieked. “Can you believe in him longer? believe that any code or system of his can profit you in the end?”

She made no resistance, but her eyes still dwelt on the contorted face with an expression of divine pity.

“Oh, thou sufferest!” she breathed; “but thy reward is near!”

“Adnah!” wailed the young man, in a heart-broken voice. “Turn from him to me! Take refuge in my love. Oh, it is natural, I swear. It asks nothing of you but to accept the gift—to renew yourself in it, if you will; to deny it, if you will, and chain it for your slave. Only to save you and die for you, Adnah!”

He felt the hand in his shudder slightly; but no least knowledge of him did she otherwise evince.

He clasped her convulsively; released her; mumbled her slack white fingers with his lips. He might have addressed the dead.

In the midst, the figure before them swayed with a rising throe—turned—staggered across to the couch, and cast itself down before the crucifix on the wall.

“Jesu, Son of God,” it implored, through a hurry of piercing groans, “forbear Thy hand: Christ, register my atonement! My punishment—eternal—and oh, my mortal feet already weary to death! Jesu, spare me! Thy justice, Lawgiver—let it not be vindictive, oh, in Thy sacred name! lest men proclaim it for a baser thing than theirs. For a fault of ignorance—for a word of scorn where all reviled, would *they* have singled *one* out, have made him, most wretched, the scapegoat of the ages? Ah, most holy, forgive me! In mine agony I know not what I say. A moment ago I could have pronounced it something seeming less than divine that Thou couldst so have stultified with a curse Thy supreme hour of self-sacrifice—a moment ago, when the rising madness prevailed. Now, sane once more—Nazarene, oh,

Nazarene! not only retribution for my deserts, but pity for my suffering—Nazarene, that Thy slanderers, the men of little schisms, be refuted hearing me, the very witness to Thy mercy, testify how the justice of the Lord triumphs supreme through that His superhuman prerogative,—that they may not say, He can destroy, even as we; but can He redeem? The sacrifice—the yearling lamb;—it awaits Thee, Master, the proof of my abjectness and my sincerity. I, more curst than Abraham, lift my eyes to Heaven, the terror in my heart, the knife in my hand. Jesu—Jesu!”

He cried and grovelled. His words were frenzied, his abasement fulsome to look upon. Yet it was impressed upon one of the listeners with a great horror how unspeakable blasphemy breathed between the lines of the prayer—the blasphemy of secret disbelief in the Power it invoked, and sought, with its tongue in its cheek, to conciliate.

Bitter indignation in the face of nameless outrage transfigured Rose at this moment into something nobler than himself. He feared but he upheld his manhood. Conscious that the monstrous situation was none of his choosing, he had no thought to evade its consequences so long as the unquestioning credulity of his co-witness seemed to call for his protection. Nerveless sensitive natures, such as his, not infrequently give the lie to themselves by accesses of an altruism that is little less than self-effacement.

“This is all bad,” he struggled to articulate. “You are hipped by some devilish cantrip. Oh, come—come! in Christ’s name I dare to implore you—and learn the truth of love!”

As he spoke, he saw that the apparition was on its feet again—that it had returned, and was standing, its face ghastly and inhuman, with one hand leaned upon the marble table.

“Adnah!” it cried, in a strained and hollow voice. “The moment, for which I prepared you, approaches. Even now I labour. I had thought to take up the thread on the further side; but it is ordained otherwise, and we must part.”

“Part!” The word burst from her in a sigh of lost amazement.

“The holocaust, Adnah!”—he groaned: “the holocaust with which every seventieth year thy expiation must be punctuated! This time the cross is on my breast, beloved; and to-morrow—oh! thou must be content to tread on lowlier altitudes than those I have striven to guide thee by.”

"I cannot—I cannot. I should die in the mists. Oh, heart of my heart, forsake me not!"

"Adnah—my selma, my beautiful—to propitiate—"

"Whom? Thou hast eaten of the Tree and art a God!"

"Hush!" He glanced round with an awed visage at the dim hanging Calvary; then went on in a harsher tone: "It is enough—it must be." (His shifting face, addressed to Rose, was convulsed into an expression of bitter scorn) "I command thee, go with him. The sacrifice—oh, my heart, the sacrifice! And I cry to Jehovah, and He makes no sign; and into thy sweet breast the knife must enter."

Amos sprang to his feet with a loud cry.

"I take no gift from you. I will win or lose her by right of manhood!"

The girl's face was white with despair.

"I do not understand," she cried in a piteous voice.

"Nor I," said the young man; and he took a threatening step forward. "We have no part in this—this lady and I. Man or devil you may be; but—"

"Neither!"

The stranger, as he uttered the word, drew himself erect with a tortured smile. The action seemed to kilt the skin of his face into hideous plaits.

"I am Cartaphilus," he said, "who denied the Nazarene shelter."

"The *Wandering Jew*!"

The name of the old strange legend broke involuntarily from Rose's lips.

"Now you know him!" he shrieked then: "Adnah, I am here! Come to me!"

Tears were running down the girl's cheeks. She lifted her hands with an impassioned gesture; then covered her face with them.

But Cartaphilus, penetrating the veil with eyes no longer human, cried suddenly, so that the room vibrated with his voice: "Bismillah! Wilt thou dare the Son of Heaven, questioning if His sentence upon the Jew—to renew, with his every hundredth year, his manhood's prime—was not rather a forestalling, through His infinite penetration, of the consequences of that Jew's finding



and eating of the Tree of Life? Is it Cartaphilus first, or Christ?"

The girl flung herself forward, crushing her bosom upon the marble floor; and lay blindly groping with her hands.

"He was a God and vindictive!" she moaned. "He was a man and he died. The cross—the cross!"

The lost cry pierced Rose's breast like a knife. Sorrow, rage, and love inflamed his passions to madness. With one bound he met and grappled with the stranger.

He had no thought of the resistance he should encounter. In a moment the Jew, despite his age and seizure, had him broken and powerless. The fury of blood blazed down upon him from the unearthly eyes.

"Beast! that I might tear you! But the Nameless is your refuge. You must be chained—you must be chained. Come!"

Half dragging, half bearing, he forced his captive across the room to the corner where the flask of topaz liquid stood.

"Sleep!" he shrieked; and caught up the glass vessel, and dashed it down upon Rose's mouth.

The blow was a stunning one. A jagged splinter tore the victim's lip and brought a gush of blood; the yellow fluid drowned his eyes and suffocated his throat. Struggling to hold his faculties, a startled shock passed through him, and he dropped insensible on the floor.

## VI

"Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

Where had he read these words before? Now he saw them as scrolled in lightning upon a dead sheet of night.

There was a sound of feet going on and on.

Light soaked into the gloom, faster—faster; and he saw—

The figure of a man moved endlessly forward by town and pasture and the waste places of the world. But though he, the dreamer, longed to outstrip and stay the figure and look searchingly in its face, he could not, following, close upon the intervening space; and its back was ever towards him.

And always as the figure passed by populous places there rose

long murmurs of blasphemy to either side, and bestial cries : " We are weary ! the farce is played out ! He reveals Himself not, nor ever will ! Lead us—lead us, against Heaven, against hell ; against any other or against ourselves ! The cancer of life spreads, and we cannot enjoy nor can we think cleanly. The sins of the fathers have accumulated to one vast mound of putrefaction. Lead us, and we follow."

And, uttering these cries, swarms of hideous half-human shapes would emerge from holes and corners and rotting burrows, and stumble a little way with the figure, cursing and jangling, and so drop behind one by one like glutted flies shaken from a horse.

And the dreamer saw in him who went ever on before, the sole existent type of a lost racial glory ; a marvellous survival ; a prince over monstrosities. And he knew him to have reached, through long ages of evil introspection, a terrible belief in his own self-acquired immortality and lordship over all abased peoples that must die and pass. And the seed of his blasphemy he sowed broadcast in triumph as he went ; and the ravenous horrors of the earth ran forth in broods and devoured it like birds, and trod one another underfoot in their gluttony.

And he came to a vast desolate plain, and took his stand upon a barren drift of sand ; and the face the dreamer longed and feared to see was yet turned from him.

And the figure cried in a voice that grated down the winds of space : " Lo ! I am he that cannot die ! Lo ! I am he that has eaten of the Tree of Life ; who am the Lord of Time and of the races of the earth that shall flock to my standard !"

And again : " Lo ! I am he that God was impotent to destroy because I had eaten of the fruit ! He cannot control that which He hath created. He hath builded His temple upon His impotence, and it shall fall and crush Him. The children of His misrule cry out against Him. There is no God but Antichrist !"

Then from all sides came hurrying across the plain vast multitudes of the degenerate children of men, naked and unsightly ; and they leaped and mouthed about the figure on the hillock, like hounds baying a dead fox held aloft ; and from their swollen throats came one cry :

" There is no God but Antichrist !"

And thereat the figure turned about—and it was Cartaphilus the Jew.

## VII

“There is no death! What seems so is transition.”

Uttering an incoherent cry, Rose came to himself with a shock of agony and staggered to his feet. In the act he traversed no neutral ground of insentient purposelessness. He caught the thread of being where he had dropped it—grasped it with an awful and sublime resolve that admitted no least thought of self-interest.

If his senses were for the moment amazed at their surroundings—the silence—the perfumed languor—the beauty and voluptuousness of the room; his soul, notwithstanding, stood intent, unfaltering—waiting merely the physical capacity for action.

The fragments of the broken vessel were scattered at his feet; the blood of his wound had hardened upon his face. He took a dizzy step forward, and another. The girl lay as he had seen her cast herself down—breathing, he could see; her hair in disorder; her hands clenched together in terror or misery beyond words.

Where was the other?

Suddenly his vision cleared. He saw that the silken curtains of the alcove were closed.

A poniard in a jewelled sheath lay, with other costly trifles, on a settle hard by. He seized and, drawing it, cast the scabbard clattering on the floor. His hands would have done; but this would work quicker.

Exhaling a quick sigh of satisfaction, he went forward with a noiseless rush and tore apart the curtains.

Yes—he was there—the Jew—the breathing enormity, stretched silent and motionless. The shadow of the young man's lifted arm ran across his white shirt front like a bar sinister.

To rid the world of something monstrous and abnormal—that was all Rose's purpose and desire. He leaned over to strike. The face, stiff and waxen as a corpse's, looked up into his with a calm impenetrable smile—looked up, for all its eyes were closed.

And this was a horrible thing, that, though the features remained fixed in that one inexorable expression, something beneath them seemed alive and moving — something that clouded or revealed them, as when a sheet of paper glowing in the fire wavers between ashes and flame. Almost he could have thought that the soul, detached from its envelope, struggled to burst its way to the light.

An instant he dashed his left palm across his eyes; then shrieking, "Let the fruit avail you now!" drove the steel deep into its neck with a snarl.

In the act, for all his frenzy, he had a horror of the spiriting blood that he knew must foul his hand obscenely and sprinkle his face, perhaps, as when a finger half plugs a flowing water-tap.

None came! The fearful white wound seemed to suck at the steel, making a puckered mouth of derision.

A thin sound, like the whinny of a dog, issued from Rose's lips. He pulled out the blade—it came with a crackling noise, as if it had been drawn through parchment.

Incredulous—mad—in an ecstasy of horror, he stabbed again and again. He might as fruitfully have struck at water. The slashed and gaping wounds closed up so soon as he withdrew the steel, leaving not a scar.

With a scream he dashed the unstained weapon on the floor and sprang back into the room. He stumbled and almost fell over the prostrate figure of the girl.

A strength as of delirium stung and prickled in his arms. He stooped and forcibly raised her—held her against his breast—addressed her in a hurried passion of entreaty.

"In the name of God, come with me! In the name of God, divorce yourself from this horror! He is the abnormal—the deathless—the Antichrist!"

Her lids were closed; but she listened.

"Adnah, you have given me myself. My reason cannot endure the gift alone. Have mercy and be pitiful, and share the burden!"

At last she turned on him her swimming gaze.

"Oh! I am numbed and lost! What would you do with me?"

With a sob of triumph he wrapped his arms hard about her, and sought her lips with his. In the very moment of their



meeting she drew herself away, and stood panting and gazing with wide eyes over his shoulder. He turned.

A young man of elegant appearance was standing by the table where *he* had lately leaned.

In the face of the new-comer the animal and the saint were welded together, each resolute to maintain its hold of the other.

He was unmistakably a Jew, of the finest primitive type—such as might have existed in pre-neurotic days. His complexion was of a smooth golden russet; his nose and lips were cut rather in the lines of sensuous cynicism; the look in his polished brown eyes was of defiant self-confidence, capable of the extremes of devotion or of obstinacy. Short curling black hair covered his scalp, and his moustache and small crisp beard were of the same hue.

"Thanks, stranger," he said, in a somewhat nasal but musical voice. "Your attack—a little cowardly, perhaps, for all its provocation—has served to release me before my time. Thanks—thanks indeed!"

Amos sent a sick and groping glance towards the alcove. The curtain was pulled back—the couch was empty. His vision returning, caught sight of Adnah still standing motionless.

"No, no!" he screeched in a suffocated voice, and clasped his hands convulsively.

There was an adoring expression in her wet eyes that grew and grew. In another moment she had thrown herself at the stranger's feet.

"Master," she cried, in a rich and swooning voice, "O Lord and Master—as blind love foreshadowed thee in these long months!"

He smiled down upon her.

"A tender welcome on the threshold," he said softly, "that I had almost renounced. The young spirit is weak to confirm the self-sacrifice of the old. But this ardent modern, Adnah, who, it seems, has slipped his opportunity?"

Passionately clasping the hands of the young Jew, she turned her face reluctant.

"He has blood on him," she whispered. "His lip is swollen like a schoolboy's with fighting. He is not a man, sane, self-reliant and glorious—like you, O my heart!"

The Jew gave a high loud laugh, which he checked in mid-career.

"Sir," he said derisively, "we will wish you a very pleasant good morning."

How — under what pressure or by what process of self-effacement—he reached the street, Amos could never remember. His first sense of reality was in the stinging cold, which made him feel, by reaction, preposterously human.

It was perhaps six o'clock of a February morning, and the fog had thinned considerably, giving place to a wan and livid glow that was but half measure of dawn.

He found himself going down the ringing pavement that was talcous with a sooty skin of ice, a single engrossing resolve hammering time in his brain to his footsteps.

The artificial glamour was all past and gone — beaten and frozen out of him. The rest was to do—his plain duty as a Christian, as a citizen — above all, as a gentleman. He was, unhypnotized, a law-abiding young man, with a hatred of notoriety and a detestation of the abnormal. Unquestionably his forebears had made a huge muddle of his inheritance.

About a quarter to seven he walked (rather unsteadily) into Vine Street Police Station, and accosted the Inspector on duty.

"I want to lay an information."

The officer scrutinized him, professionally from the under side, and took up a pen.

"What's the charge?"

"Administering a narcotic; attempted murder; abduction; profanity; trading under false pretences; wandering at large—Great Heavens, what isn't it!"

"Perhaps you'll say. Name of accused?"

"Cartaphilus."

"Any other?"

"The Wandering Jew."

The Inspector laid down his pen and leaned forward, bridging his finger tips under his chin.

"If you take my advice," he said, "you'll go and have a Turkish bath."

The young man gasped and frowned.

"You won't take my information?"

"Not in that form. Come again by and by."

Amos walked straight out of the building, and retraced his steps to Wardour Street.

"I'll watch for his coming out," he thought, "and have him arrested, on one charge only, by the constable on the beat. Where's the place?"

Twice he walked the length of the street and back with dull increasing amazement. The sunlight had edged its way into the fog by this time, and every door and window stood out sleek and self-evident. But amongst them all was none that corresponded to the door or window of his adventure.

He hung about till day was bright in the air, and until it occurred to him that his woeful and bloodstained appearance was beginning to excite unflattering comment. At that he trudged for the third time the entire length to and fro, and so coming out into Oxford Street stood on the edge of the pavement, as though it were the brink of Cocytus.

"Well, she called me a boy," he muttered; "what does it matter?"

He hailed an early hansom and jumped in.

Bernard Capes.

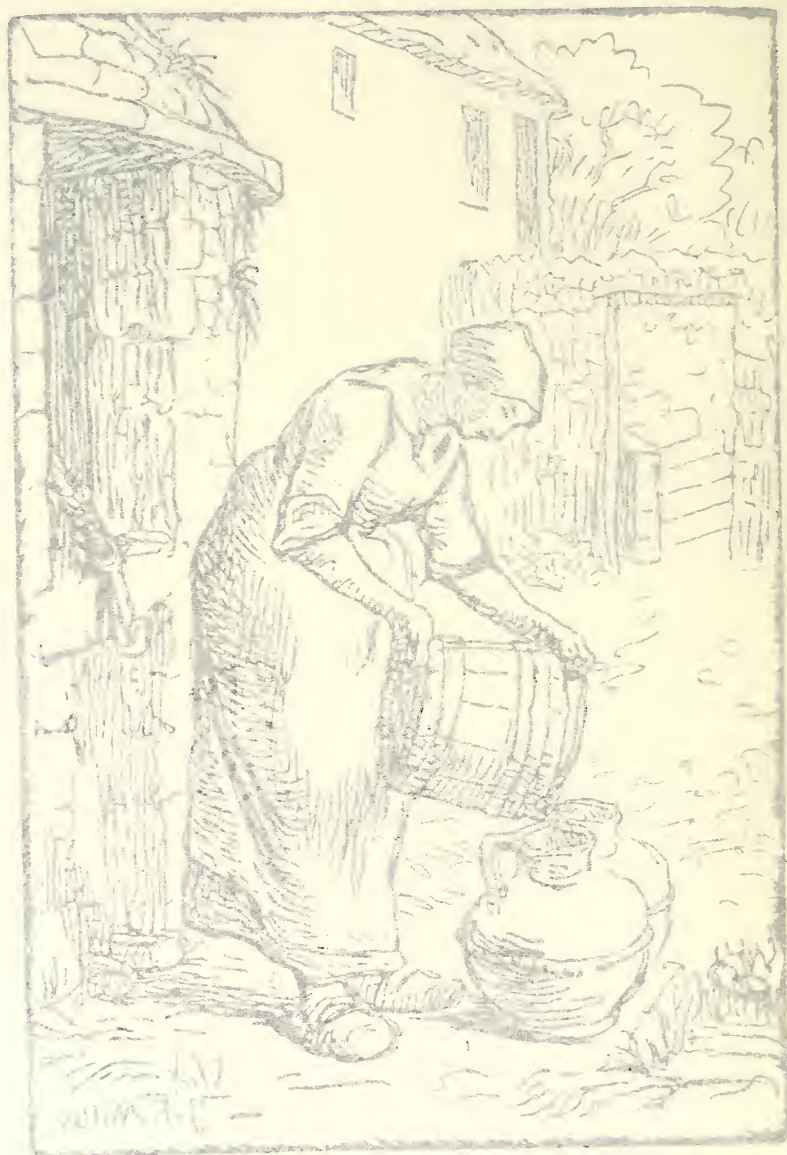
## JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

1. "FEMME VIDANT UN SEAU" (*Drawn on the Wood by Millet in 1854, and engraved by his brother Pierre as a study*).
2. "LA FILEUSE."
3. "LE BOTTELEUR" (*These two pieces appeared in "L'ILLUSTRATION" of Feb. 7th, 1853 [No. 519, Vol. xxi.]. They were engraved by ADRIEN LAVIEILLE*).
4. "LE MIDI" (*From "LES QUATRES HEURES DU JOUR." Engraved by ADRIEN LAVIEILLE*).

















J. F. Miller



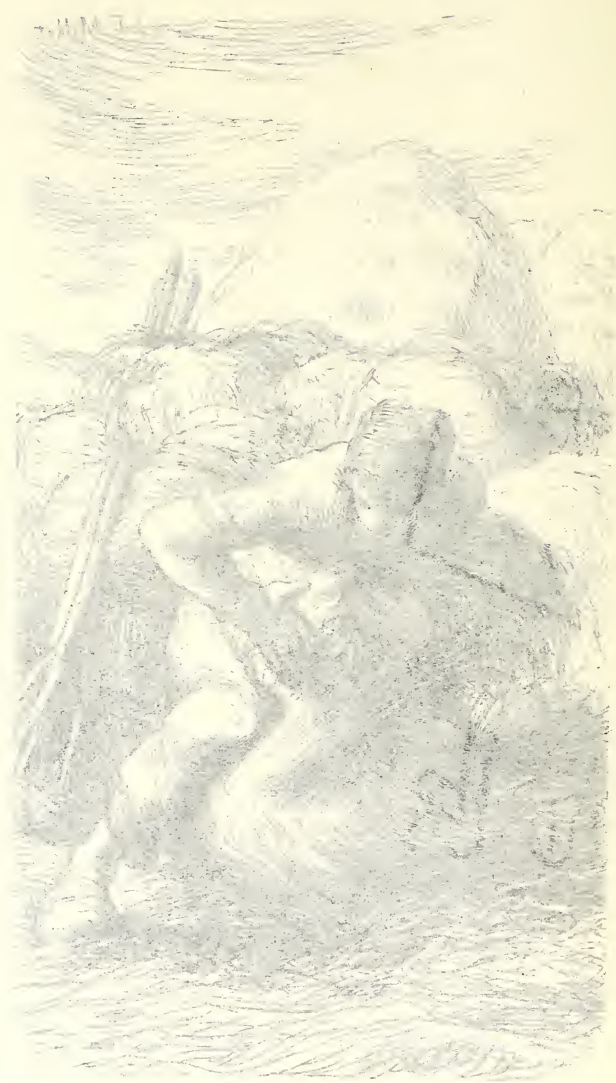
1870











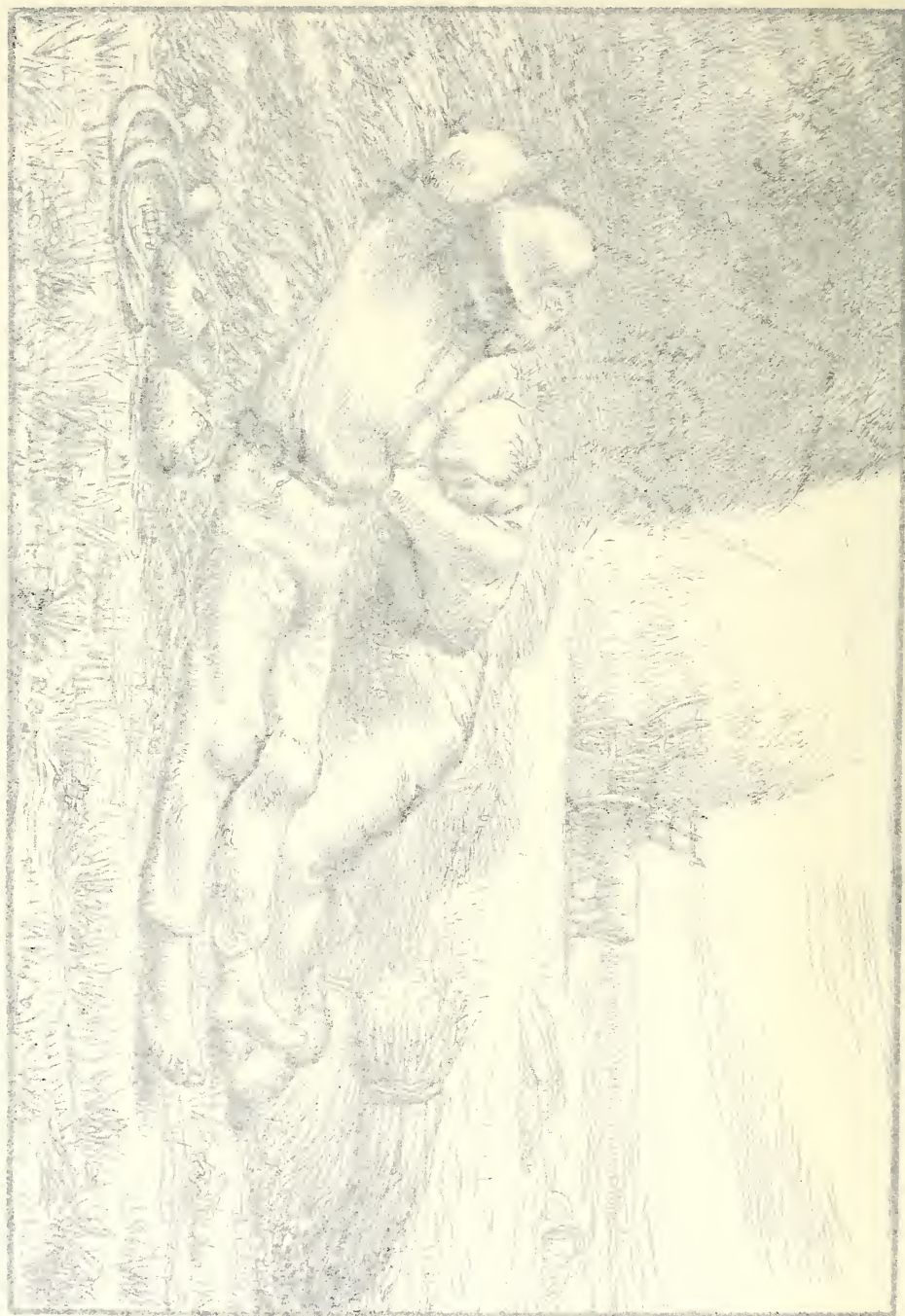


















## NACHOR

(*From "The Meeting of the Creeds"*)

WHEN all was ready, one stood forth  
of the pagan crowd and cried: "Are you  
Barlaam, the Christian hermit who  
has spoken lies and dared the wrath  
of the king Abenner, Lord of Ind,  
teaching his son that man has sinned  
and through Christ Jesus crucified  
alone he can be purified?  
Methinks that the gods of the cloudy mountain  
the gods of the field and the gods of the fountain  
are better than Christ Jesus tied  
to a vile cross, pierced with a sword in the side.  
As though a God who cannot save  
himself, to others ever gave  
the strength to vanquish and be strong,  
the joy of life and dance and song."  
Then, like the ass of Balaam, broke  
Nachor the silence and thus spoke:  
"Sire, by the providence of God  
this sphere of earth my feet have trod,  
and I have looked into the skies,  
and strained my poor and mortal eyes  
unto the heavenly mysteries,  
and thus I knew that God alone  
moved all, for the moved is ever less  
that is the mover; therefore I  
declare the God who oft has shown

libation and live sacrifice  
 to be quite loathsome in His eyes ;  
 no part He hath in visible things,  
 but in Him all have their beginnings."  
 Thus much of the true faith he spoke  
 and the three pagan creeds he broke  
 into Chaldæan, Greek, Egyptian ;  
 for each of these is the great captain  
 of many lesser which do fashion  
 upon those models human passion.  
 Now the Elements to the Chaldæ  
 are Gods, and in their honour he  
 carves statues from the plastic stone,<sup>1</sup>  
 which statues by the ages mown  
 lie shattered in the sand. "The *sky*  
 is God, forsooth, these pagans cry ;  
 though the stars move from sign to sign,  
 and the sky *is* by the work divine  
 of the one great artificer.  
 The *earth* a Goddess! when on her  
 the vilest of creation stamp,  
 she whom the yellow fire consumeth,  
 who rots corrupted by the damp,  
 she who the blood of all the slain  
 must in her fœtid sides contain,  
 she whom the moody sexton doometh  
 with his vile pick to embrace the bones  
 of lepers perished, she who owns  
 no better claim to Godhead than  
 does *water* soiled by beast and man.  
*Fire* too they claim for God, and bear  
 her here and there and everywhere,  
 make her at will or great or small,  
 and roast their venison withal!  
 The *Sun* they worship, who must rise,  
 and setting every night he dies,  
 who is far smaller than the sky,  
 and like the stars by law divine

<sup>1</sup> This is an interpolation in the Greek text from the Apology of Aristides.

must move in turn from sign to sign :  
The *Moon* a Goddess! who must lie  
under eclipse and wax and wane  
and come to the same place again  
by heavenly law, no Goddess she—  
pale handmaiden of the powers that be.  
And *man* they worship; man whose mood  
changes from hour to hour, now good  
now bad, now coward now courageous,  
now buoyed up with a pride outrageous—  
then hurled to earth, in vain repents—  
man formed of varying elements,  
wearer of raiment, piteous man,  
whose utmost life is scarce a span.  
Now, and your Highness will, I speak,  
after the Chaldees, of the Greek.  
More madly foolish they than those,  
as greater sin from greatness grows,  
they find their deities everywhere,  
in woods and streams and faces fair,  
in storms and seas and shameful faces,  
that all which in themselves debases  
may find example and escape  
in the high gods, who sin the same,  
and mortals sinning dare not blame—  
murder, adultery, and rape,  
and crimes too evil for a name.  
Saturn their elder god is he  
who lay with Rhea and did devour  
his children, till the fateful hour  
came Jupiter and gelding him  
did cast his members on the sea ;  
(whereof rose Venus fair and slim)  
and Saturn bound to Hades hurled—  
his Father! with the early world.  
A god in chains! what sorry fable,  
which to believe what man were able?  
Jupiter king of the gods they claim,  
and shapes of beast and shapes half human



and shapes of animals without shame  
he took to enjoy mere mortal woman.  
He bore Europa as a bull  
upon his back, and the tower full  
of gold betrayed his Danæ,  
Leda the swan, Antiope  
the satyr, lightning Semele,  
and many children by all these  
and others had he—Hercules,  
Bacchus, Apollo, Amphion,  
Perseus, Sarpedon, every one  
a bastard and daughters full a score,  
Diana, Helen, and those nine  
men call the Muses, and indeed  
make mention too of Ganymede!—  
The fair youth pourer of the wine,  
pourer of wine and somewhat more.  
Vulcan the blacksmith they create  
a god who holds within his hands  
nails and a hammer, god and poor!  
like mortal man the slave of fate,  
else wherefore such a trade endure?  
And lame withal, and loving Venus,  
who such a lover scarce withstands!  
Then Mercury, a subtle thief,  
and an enchanter, Esculapius  
the leech, the bruiser of the leaf,  
mixer of potions, slain with thunder  
by Jove who loved the Spartan; wonder  
indeed where all his healing lay!  
And Mars the god who stole away  
the sheep, and fell to loving Venus;  
'come,' says Cupido, 'and between us,  
Vulcan, we'll bind the amorous god.'  
Sheep-stealer, warrior, lover chained,  
what paths has not your godhead trod?  
And yet such monster is not disdained  
by the mad Greeks, and to Bacchus even  
do they accord a place in heaven—

Madman, adulterer, fugitive, slave,  
drunkard, soon hunted to the grave  
by the Titans. And one drunkard more  
I yet must add to the long score  
—Hercules, murderer of his children,  
who burned himself—and god Apollo,  
a minstrel bearing case and bow.  
Hark to his harping! ever when  
the people pass, with wreathèd smile,  
behold this gypsy god beguile  
the simple folk, a god foretelling  
the future in their cross-lined palms!  
A penniless god reduced to selling  
his very deity for alms.  
Aye, let him harp and ne'er so sweetly,  
in hell his friends shall burn full meetly!  
Diana chasing in the wood  
the deer and boar: ha! ha! 'twere good  
to find divinity in her,  
And yet those fools her worship share  
among the rest. See Venus rise  
wanton from ocean, in her eyes,  
blue, blue and moist with the sea's brine,  
there's lust enough to turn to swine  
all Circe spared, for paramour  
now Mars now Vulcan, gentle or boor,  
it matters not, so oft she change.  
Her loves among the mortals range;  
now mad for dark Anchises she  
makes toil for him the very sea,  
now fair Adonis whom the boar  
slew and his mistress doth adore  
to madness, seeking hill and vale  
in vain, and now must crave of pale  
Persephone and storms, and cries  
for the lost violet of his eyes.  
Aye, weeping wanton, aye Adonis,  
in hell indeed your double throne is.  
Aye, dwell thou there, immortal killed.

Aye, follow him, thou goddess filled  
with all iniquity. Thus, Sire,  
are the Greeks sunk in evil dire,  
mimicking those who made of hell  
a place where even gods may dwell.  
But now the Egyptian cult behold,  
more mad than these a thousand fold;  
for while Chaldea adores the star  
rising at even, and the Greek  
at least in human form doth seek  
his god, the vile Egyptians are  
sunk to the worship of the brute,  
the plant, the tree, and are defiled  
with evil upon evil piled,  
—A pyramid which hath its root  
in the mire of life; first they adored  
Isis, whose brother and whose lord  
Osiris was, whom Typhon slew,  
—Brother his brother—and Isis knew  
no peace, and with her infant son  
Horus to Biblis fled and sought  
Osiris in her grief distraught;  
till Horus, come to man's estate,  
slew Typhon. Thus these gods each one  
are weaklings, and must bow to fate;  
—Isis is helpless to regain  
husband and brother, Typhon slain  
must pass to the underworld. In pain  
and infelicity and death  
these gods must draw their mortal breath;  
yet these the Egyptians do adore,  
these and as many strange gods more  
as they may hear of, and god-brutes  
their vain idolatry salutes—  
sheep, goat, calf, pig, ram, crocodile,  
vulture, hawk, eagle, aspic, dragon,  
wolf, monkey, cat, and all that's vile:  
these worship they, these call upon  
for aid in war: these, though they rot,

are slain and eaten, know they not  
for false; and ah! it marvels me  
that Greek, Egyptian, and Chaldee,  
seeing his gods forged, beaten, hewn,  
consumed with time, their members strewn  
to the four winds, can yet believe.

And an ill turn have their poets done,  
thinking to praise them as they weave  
their fables, for if God be one,  
then in His parts is unity.

But if the gods the gods pursue,  
ravish and murder; then 'tis true  
from wills divided, wills malign,  
such motions spring, and none can be  
held god of all their company.

Last, of the Jews of Abraham's line  
dwelling in Egypt; these the Lord  
succoured and saved by Aaron and Moses;  
but vile, they slay with reckless sword  
the prophets, and all their pleasure is  
in following the Gentile's gods;  
and when Christ Jesus walked on earth,  
of the Virgin born in stainless birth,  
outraged and bound and scourged with rods,  
they delivered Him to Pontius Pilate,  
the Roman President, their hate  
grown stronger with each benefit  
that on their thankless heads had lit.

And now one God omnipotent  
they do adore, but not as meant  
by the Holy Writings, for they are  
from the true faith strayed almost as far  
as are the Gentiles. But Christ Jesus,  
Son of great God sent down for us,  
born of the Virgin without fleck  
by the Holy Spirit, for our sake  
made flesh, to Him we bow the neck,  
we Christians, to Him who came to take  
our sins on Him, and crucified



in mortal flesh, on the cross He died ;  
and rose on the third day again,  
conqueror of hell and death and pain,  
with His held converse forty days,  
then rose before their eyes to heaven.  
In Him believe we, Him we praise,  
and with the Trinity engraven  
within our hearts, we hold the faith.  
And, Sire, if you read what the Book saith,  
you will come to the knowledge of God, His Son,  
and the Holy Spirit, Three in One.”  
Thus ended Nachor . . .

Douglas Ainslie.

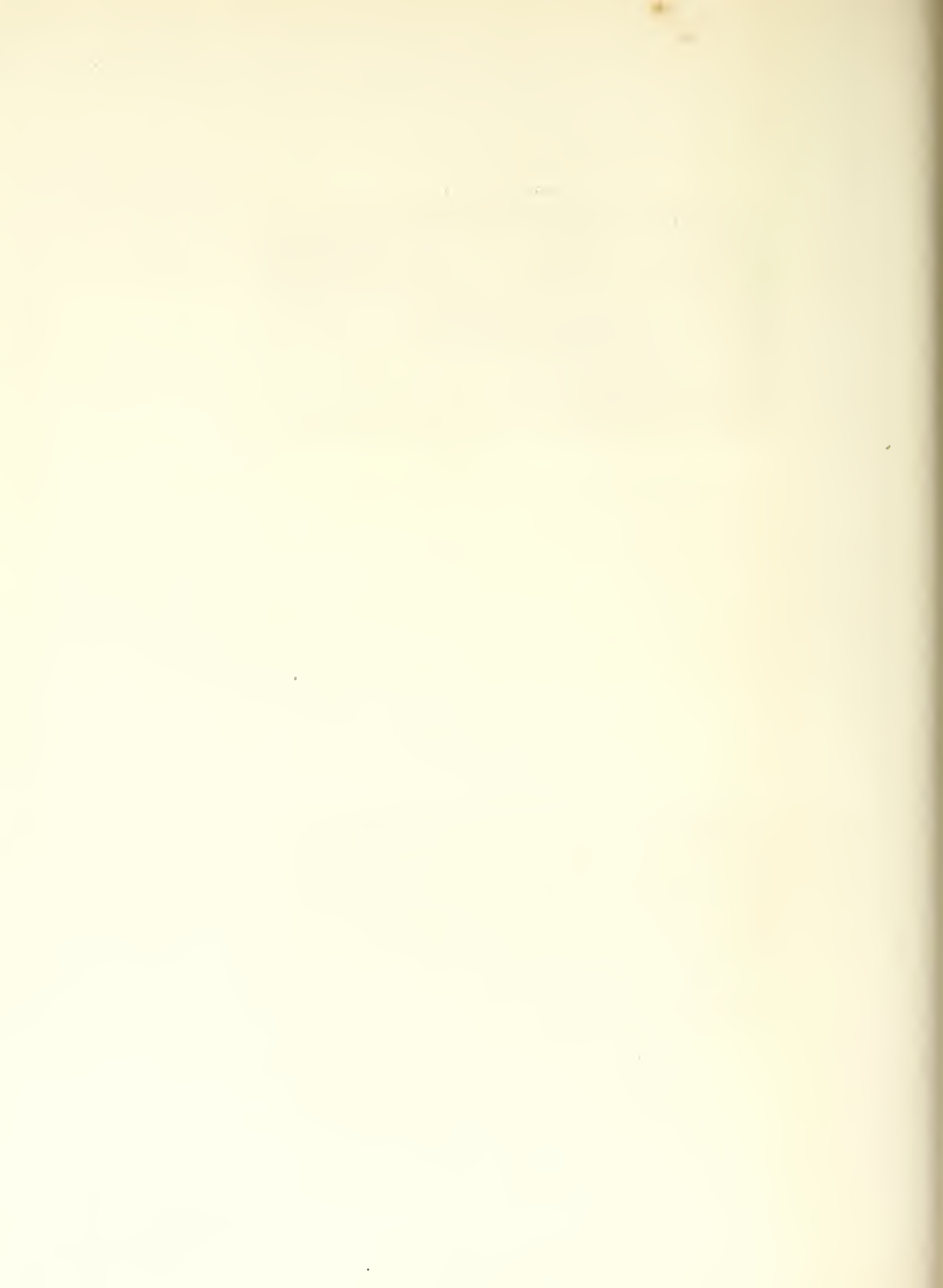
WILLIAM BLAKE

TWO "ILLUSTRATIONS OF IMITATION OF ECLOGUE I."









## EDWARD CALVERT

1. "THE RETURN HOME."
2. "THE CHAMBER IDYLL."
3. "THE PLOUGHMAN" ("*He putteth his hand to the plough and looketh not back. . . . And the serpent's head shall be bruised*").













## A NOTE ON THE WOODCUTS

IF only to divide the old from the new, a Note may be placed here concerning the Woodcuts reproduced in this volume of *The Dome*. Let it be clearly understood, however, that a Note on the whole of them is meant, rather than Notes on the cuts one by one; for the selection has been made with no thought of instructing anybody or of sustaining any theory. A genuine work of art is a joy for ever, but this man's opinion of it and that man's generalisations about it, whatever they may be for a time, are, for ever, nothing at all—not even a nuisance. The graphic arts are more grievously ridden than their most hapless sisters by guides, philosophers and friends. Everybody above the level of a University Extension student, or a laborious verifier of Baedeker, has nursed murder in his heart against the verger or butler or caretaker who shepherds his little herds of pilgrims through choir or castle or gallery. The fellow has big enough store of statistics and anecdotes, and perhaps some of them are even true. He has at his tongue's end the date of this, the cost of that, and so much information could not be won elsewhere save by long pains. But when a pilgrim cares only one jot whether a picture was painted to settle a hotel bill or commissioned by a Chicago pork-merchant, and cares, just for the moment, the whole world about the picture itself, the common ways of modern homicides seem inadequate and humdrum for the pompous underling who sternly bids a lingering sheep keep up with the docile and dejected flock for whom it shall be enough to “say they’ve been.” But almost as hard is their lot for whom art-magazines are manufactured. They are instructed to death. The dozen half-tones after W. Brushkins (The Painter of the Month) must needs be underlined by somebody's dogmas on “Brushkins and His Work,” “An English Diaz,” or “The Art

of W. Brushkins." The qualities of Brushkins himself (if he have any) bob up here and there like dolphins from a sea of words, at twenty-one shillings the thousand. Even two geniuses a month are not outlet enough, and the dammed-up flood deepens in the backward of time till frothy tongues which have fawned on Brushkins, lap round thrones, dominations, powers. It is not wonderful that there should be scarcely a hack in Fleet Street who would not gaily write critical text for a string of plates after any artist, even the most withdrawn; but it is quite wonderful that in nearly every instance he would believe in what he wrote, and most wonderful of all that his readers would believe in it too. Simply to place copies of pictures before the reader with no more than what can be discovered of the bald truth as to date and first destination, and size and perhaps colour has come to be taken, not as respectful to the reader's intelligence and taste, but as eloquent of an Editor's stupidity or a proprietor's niggardliness.

All this is not to deny the great value of descriptions and criticism by men, able both to paint and to write, who have spent as many hours face to face with originals as the prolific art-journalist has spent minutes over a handful of photographs. It is not even to despise the higher historical exercises of writers on art—the generalising and theorising of those who have accumulated stores of facts without losing fine perception and the imagination which so often reveals what research more slowly establishes. We should fare ill without the enthusiastic yet sane scholar who traces for us the origins and evolution of the many media through which artists communicate with the world.

There might be written, for example, a long article which should track wood-engraving back to its source in the light of the latest and fullest knowledge, and exhibit its growth, with emphasis on the rational developments and reactions which count for so much in any given artist's work, though for less than his own individuality. Such a treatise, which has been often essayed either very lengthily or very briefly in the past, will, with its illustrations, occupy the greater part of a forthcoming number of *The Dome*. But such a method has the defects of its qualities, tending as it does to assemble as illustrations the more hackneyed and instructive examples. It should be done: but the other task attempted in this Number need not be left



undone. The woodcuts now reproduced have been selected to teach nothing and to suggest nothing beyond themselves. They are a loose sequence which, if the aim were different, would be rife with absurdities and sins against proportion. The one thing that has governed choice has been that each and every one should be, on some ground or other, worth looking at.

All the cuts which precede this Note are reproduced by various photographic processes from prints which have been published during the last four hundred years or so, either as book-illustrations or as separate pieces. The remaining cuts all appear for the first time, and are printed from electrotypes made from the actual blocks.

*Diana* and *St. Jerome* were printed and sold in Italy in several different tints. The tints in *The Dome* reproductions recall, though they do not exactly imitate, the effect of certain original impressions. The pieces after Goltzius are printed on paper closely resembling that used for the artist's own prints. Indeed, this is the principle on which the paper and the processes of reproduction have been chosen in nearly every instance. The extraordinary performance of Calvert, entitled *The Ploughman*, is cut out and mounted, because an amplitude of white margin appeared, in this case, undesirable. From Rethel's *Dance of Death* a lithographic tint has been purposely omitted. On some of the title-pages preceding the Engravings both the designer and the engraver who has translated or copied his work are named, but it must not be assumed that where only one name is given the piece was designed and engraved by the same hand. Judging by the result, it would appear, for instance, certain that Domenico Campagnola both invented and cut "The Hermit," but, in default of external evidence, nothing is affirmed on this point.

As for the cuts by living artists, the idea of making a representative selection has been completely absent. The promised historical survey in a forthcoming issue of *The Dome* will be brought down to date, but, consistently with what has already been said, the few modern woodcuts here given claim no significance (though they may possess it) in connection with schools, methods, and revivals. Mr. Bryden's fine portrait of Burns (from two blocks) in *The Dome* for April (No. 18) awoke



so much interest that another cut by him seems to be taken for granted in this number consecrated to woodcuts ; but all the other pieces are by artists who have never before exhibited their work (in this medium, at any rate) in *The Dome*. Miss Monsell's Bookplate was seen this year at the New English Art Club.

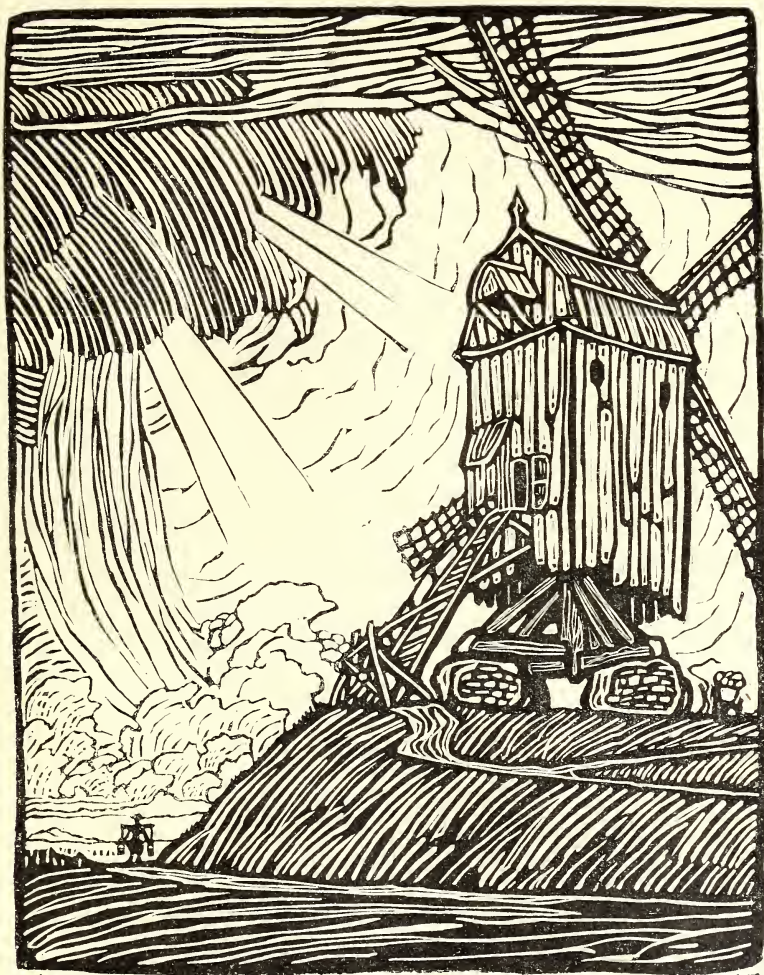
With the exception of the Dürer mentioned below, the prints after Rethel, and Millet's *Midi*, none of the reproductions are reduced in size. The blank-leaves, which give the volume a rather odd appearance when it is cut open, have been inserted because the special papers used in some cases lack opacity. The woodcut on the cover is by Albert Dürer, and is one of the well-known set suggested by the engraved designs bearing the name of the Academy of Leonardo da Vinci.

The Editor.

## W. O. J. NIEUWENKAMP

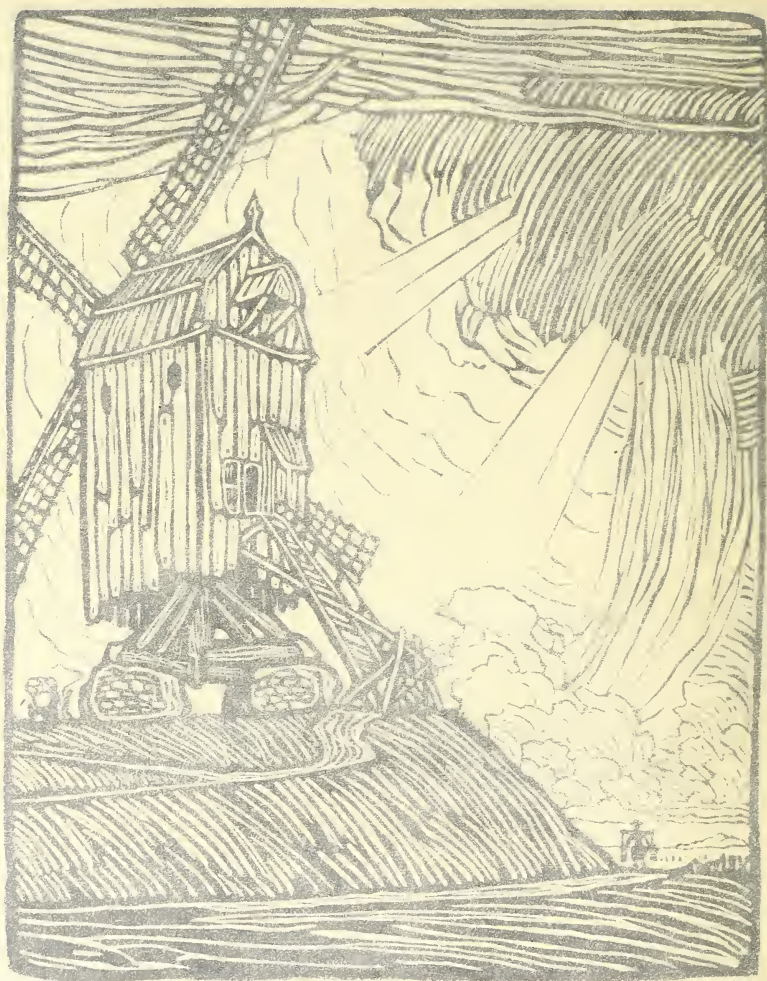
1. "A MILL AT BRUGES."
2. "A BRIDGE AT MALINES."
3. "A DUTCH VILLAGE."





WON.

BRUGGE



BRIDGE

WATER

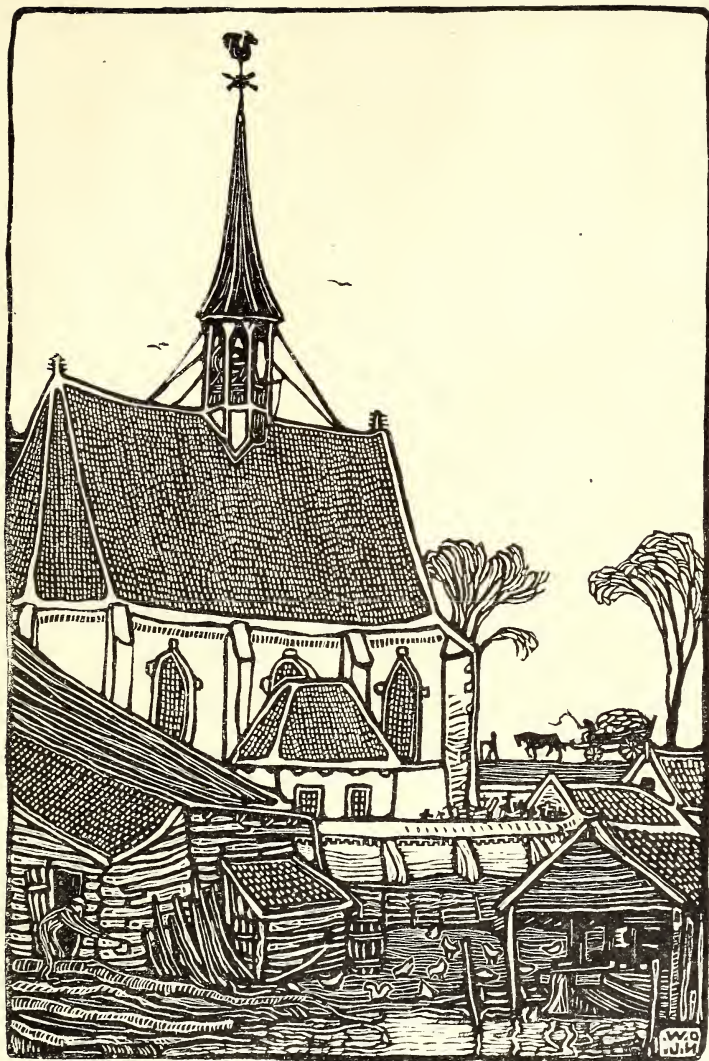




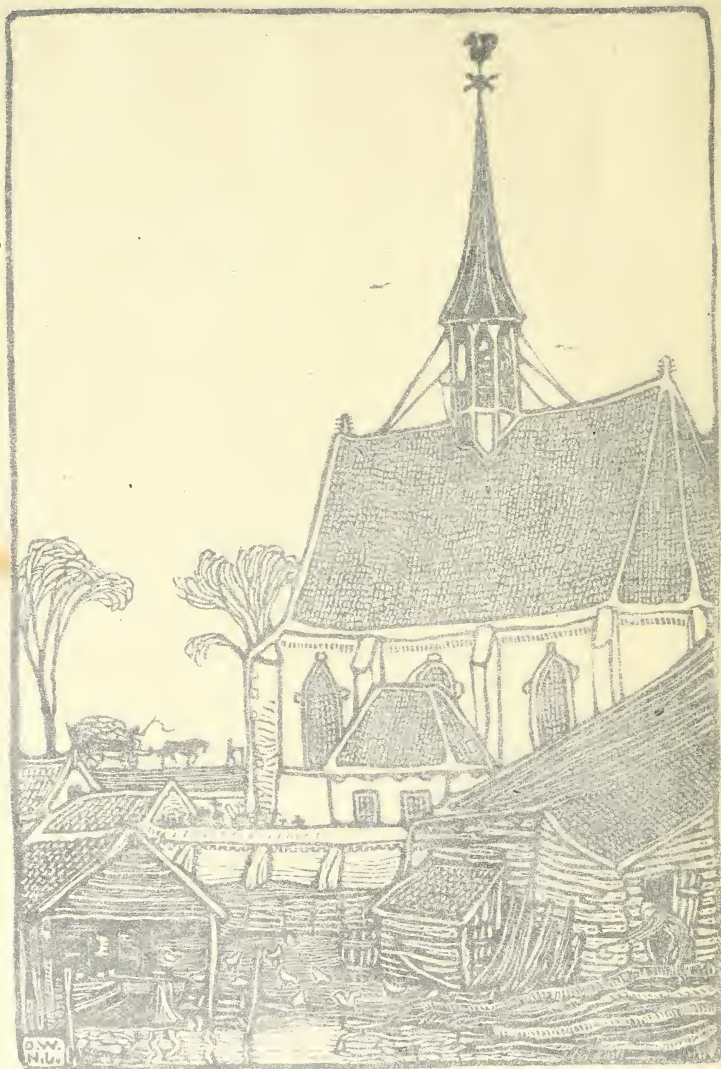
















ELINOR MONSELL

A BOOK-PLATE









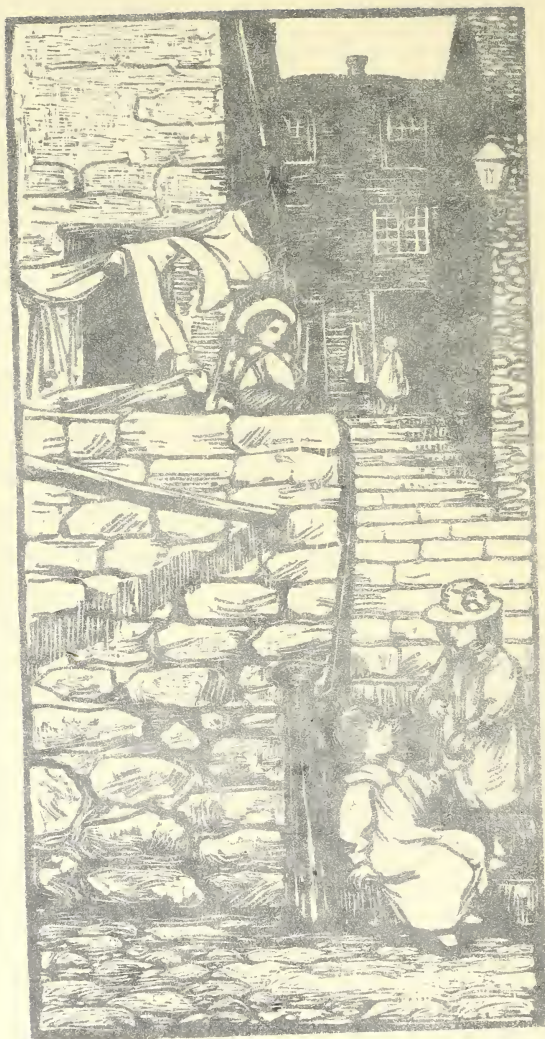
## LOUISE M. GLAZIER

1. "THE STEPS."
2. A BOOK-PLATE.
3. "THE GARDEN."





























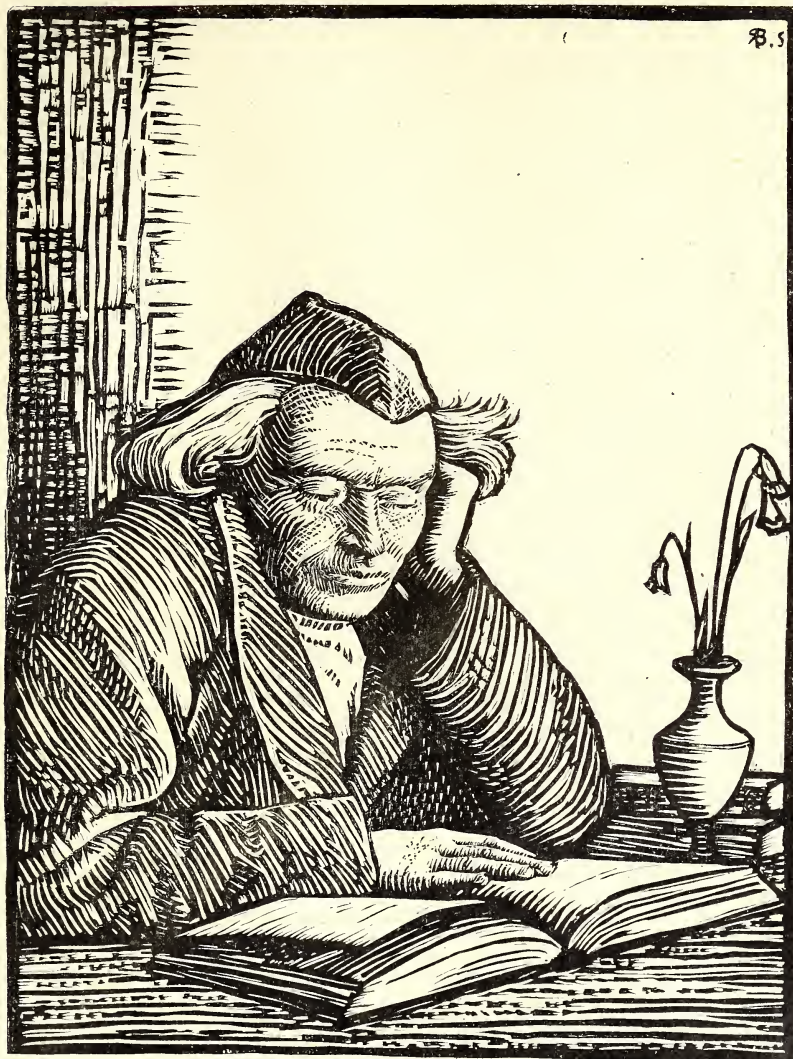


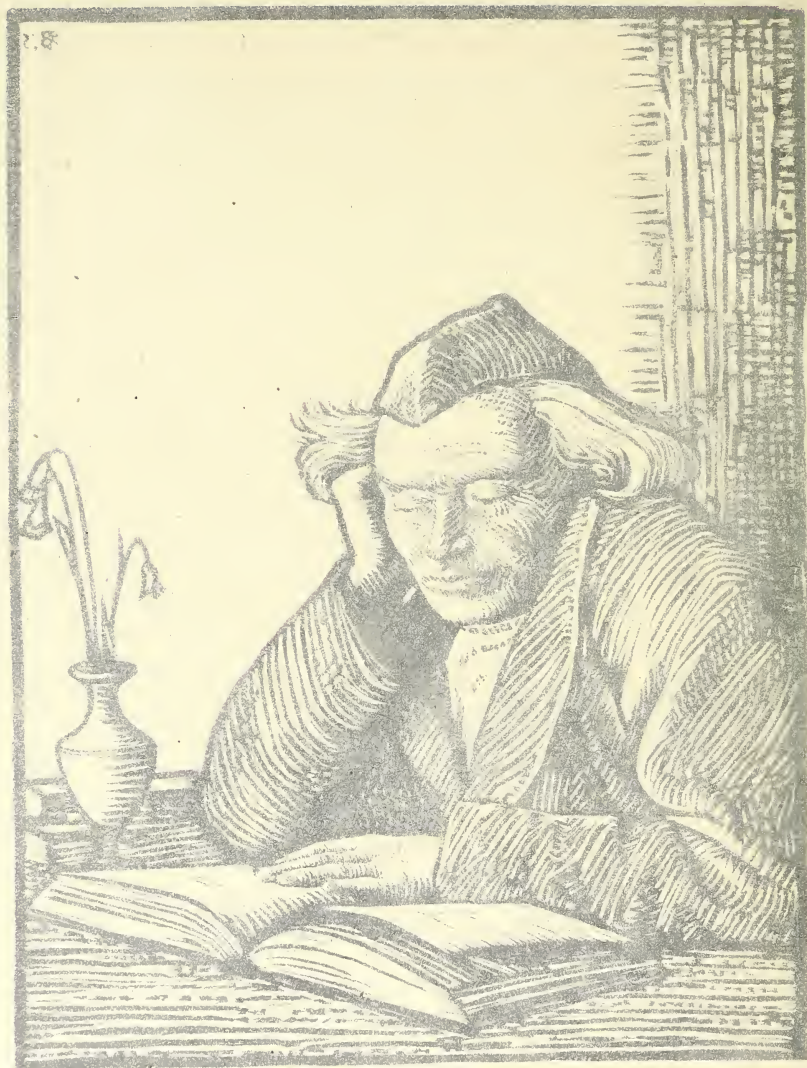


ROBERT BRYDEN

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER













## UNDER THE DOME

As Literature and the Graphic Arts are well represented in this volume of *The Dome*, my notes will deal with Architecture and Music. Seeing that there have been no remarkable additions to English Literature during the quarter, and that the only artistic event of great importance has been the opening of Hertford House (which will soon be dealt with in a rather lengthy article), it would have been difficult in any case to play up to the whole of *The Dome's* sub-title without resort to copy-spinning.

It is often said that one cannot write much about Architecture in England, because it is so rare a thing for our towns to gain a new building of any merit or distinction. This is true, unhappily. But, still more unhappily, there is none the less a great deal to record about Architecture month by month; for, though few good buildings are put up, fine things are constantly being spoiled or pulled down. The other day I went to look at the cloister, designed by Mr. G. F. Watts, in the so-called "Postmen's Park," St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. I found a somewhat unfortunate idea not very well carried out. Mr. Watts has evidently not intended to enrich the architecture of London, but simply to provide a shelter for the tablets recording heroism in humble life. I was disappointed, however, to see that the tablets are rather ignobly designed, and that the verandah or "cloister" which protects them has faltered in its quest of simplicity. But where expectation had been so slight, disappointment could not be overwhelming, and I should have gone home with an unwounded heart if I had not taken a short cut by Christ's Church and Christ's Hospital, to learn from the custodian that the old brick entrance is about to be taken away. As usual, each brick is to be treasured up and labelled and the

whole re-erected somewhere or other in the country ; and, as usual, the man who suggests that it might be less troublesome and more effective to leave the thing where it is, finds himself either regarded as an insatiable faddist or not regarded at all.

Afterwards, I came along Fleet Street, and passed St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, with big hoardings hiding the western forecourt. One of the courts is to be filled up with the extension of an Insurance Company's offices, and the other with a nice new rectory. The façade will thus be brought flush with the neighbouring buildings, and the handsome tower (the open octagon, which is one of the best features of Fleet Street) will be dwarfed and taught an overdue lesson of humility. This, by the way, suggests possibilities. Why should not a dozen stories be added to St. Paul's, so as to make the whole roof level with the top of the lantern? The construction could be entrusted to a Chicago firm, and the external stone-work to the architect of the Tower Bridge, who would turn out quite a pretty little thing in castellated Gothic. The new floors could be let out to wholesale drapers.

Talking of St. Paul's reminds me that several letters have reached the office concerning a remark made by Mr. L. A. Corbeille in *The Dome*, New Series, vol. vi., No. 17, to the effect that he would treat in a future article of the administration of St. Paul's "as an Anglican Church." My correspondents suggest that any such discussion would surely lie outside the province of *The Dome*, which is, or should be, preoccupied with the arts to the exclusion of all party questions. I have now seen Mr. Corbeille's second article, and can assure our well-wishers that they need not be alarmed. *The Dome* is subsidised neither by the Jesuits nor General Booth. Mr. Corbeille's remarks will be simply those of an artist. He has no quarrel with the present managers of St. Paul's for being either High or Low, but only for being unintelligent and tactless ; and his remarks will not be weakened by recent occurrences. The masons who had actually begun to chisel out an inscription recording Her Majesty the Queen's thanksgiving for the "sixtieth anniversary of her *reign*," were directed, before it was too late, to substitute "accession" : but far more serious and vulgar blunders have been persisted in to the end, and one's

exposure of these need imply sympathy with neither Lord Halifax nor Mr. John Kensit.

As another correspondent has written to know whether *The Dome's* little quarterly brother *The Chord*, which has dwelt rather fully on Church Music, is a "Popish periodical," this may be an opportune moment for affirming in general what has just been said about Anglicanism in particular. Articles will shortly appear here on the new Cathedral at Westminster, and on Plain-song, but if a Baptist Chapel and a Sankey hymn of equal artistic interest (not with one another, of course, which were easy, but with Westminster Cathedral and, say, *Jesu Corona Virginum*) can be found, equal or even greater space will gladly be devoted to them. All this ought not to need saying, and it is now said once for all.

Music has naturally been most active of all the arts during this war-clouded season. At Chester, by a coincidence which seems to have been unfruitful, the Triennial Festival and the Assizes ran concurrently. The notion of catching and ending a bad composer or performer red-handed seemed a brilliant one, and if only courage to execute the plan (and the composer) had not been lacking, a deep impression might have been made on many a hardened oratorio-factor, though the hospitality of Dr. Bridge, the organist of the Cathedral and the author of a very bad Requiem for the Festival, had doubtless been ill requited by making him the first Frightful Example.

The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace was, as so many times before, a megalomaniacal display, in which Handel was professedly honoured by performances much less than one-tenth as good as ordinary performances of the same works by one-tenth the number of performers in a hall one-tenth the size. The Selection Day included a big slice of *Judas Maccabæus* "in commemoration of recent victories in South Africa," or, as a nasty cynical pro-Boer man amended it, "in commemoration of the recent victory of the Jews in South Africa." The mongers of statistics enjoyed themselves as much as ever, reckoning and comparing and illustrating in concrete ways the aggregates of singers and auditors, their consumption of food and so on, but several things



escaped their notice. I calculated, for instance, that if all the tenors who sang bass were joined end to end they would reach to Bayreuth ; and it would serve them right.

It would seem that though it is not in Grand Opera Syndicates to deserve success, they are able to command it. A season with no *Tristan and Isolde*, with only one novelty (the deplorable *Tosca* of Signor Puccini), and with no distinguishing feature in the repertory save that certainly considerable one *The Nibelung's Ring*, drew big houses and filled the Syndicate's cash-box with guineas. Some of the money is to be spent, and none too soon, in improving the stage. If the men who look after it can be taken to pieces at the same time, and have new works put in, so much the better ; for stupidity behind has marred the performances for far too many seasons.

During the whole season one of the greatest operatic artists now living was with us in the person of Fraülein Ternina. She held her own with Messrs. Van Rooy and Edouard de Reszke,—Mr. Jean de Reszke was ill,—and threw everybody else into the shade. Till the last fortnight it seemed as if the traditional flashy “Queens of Song” had been dispossessed by a Queen to whom the serious lover of music-drama could yield homage as enthusiastically as the opera loungeer throws bouquets to the silly showy creature whom he is pleased to call a “diva.” It seemed we had found a Queen who could do no wrong. But for the last fortnight Fraülein Ternina, who had as much right to demand the revival of *Tristan* as Madame Melba to insist on *Lucia*, and for whose *Isolde* we would have put up with the *Tristan* of Herr Krauss, chose to appear only in *La Tosca*. That she did badly in so sorry a piece was, in a way, another sign of her choice artistry, but it was a sign we did not need ; and before we hear *Tristan* again in England it will be nearly two years since the last performance.





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